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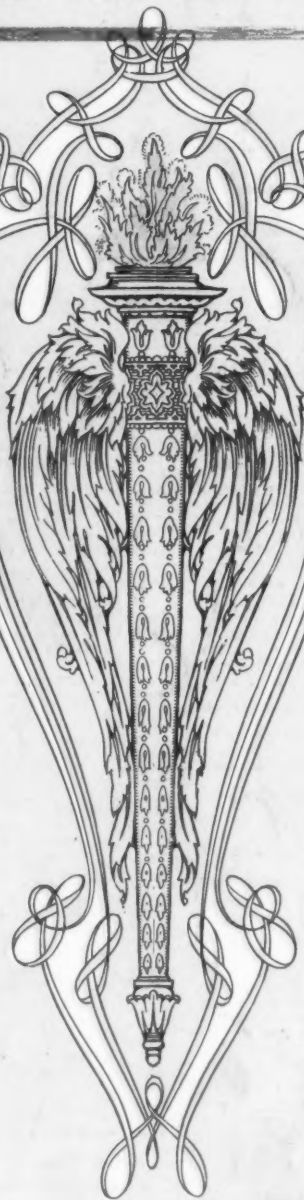
Author of "Fagan"



He Also Serves

*The Story of the Love-Making
of a Heathen God*

By O. HENRY



NOVEMBER
FICTION
NUMBER 3

-If You Want the Best Motor Car That \$1500 Will Buy

Decide, first, whether you want a car that looks perfect on paper; or whether you want one that has *proven* its perfection in actual road service.

There are several good "paper" cars at near the \$1500 price—cars selling from \$2000 down to \$1250.

Cars made by men who have manufactured successful higher priced cars, but who, now, for the first time, are attempting a \$2000 to \$1250 car.

Cars made by men who *ought* to know how to make a low-priced car—but who have never made one.

Much is promised for these "paper" cars. But no more is promised for them than the Mitchell, in eight years of service, has already *proven* that it will do.

The "paper" cars promise no more speed, no more power, no more safety than the Mitchell car is *known* to have—known wherever motor cars are run.

And they can promise nothing valid as to wear, service, upkeep cost, because there is no past performance on which to base a promise.

While the wear, the service, the upkeep cost of the Mitchell, you can learn for yourself from any of the 8000 Mitchell owners.

The Mitchell car has always been a low-priced car.

The new \$1500 four-cylinder, five-passenger Mitchell is not an innovation.

We have merely made the best car that eight years of experience have taught us to make—and added a \$150 Splitdorf magneto, more expensive tires, and \$300 worth, in all, of extra automobile value, which, with any other car at near its price, will cost you extra.

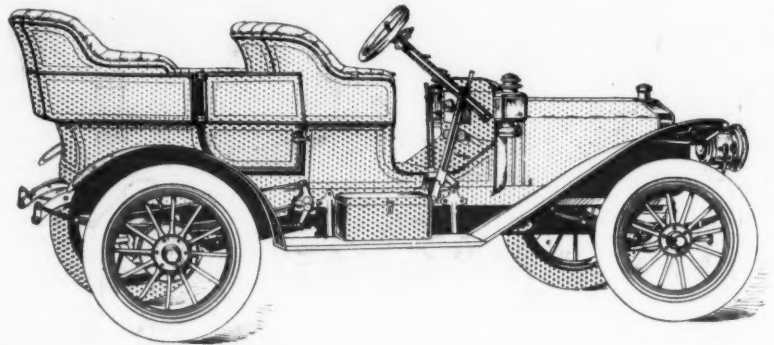
If you buy a "paper" car, you are, at best, merely gambling that its makers are right.

If you buy any other \$1500 car, you are merely buying possibilities, when certainties are offered you.

If you buy any other car at near the Mitchell price, you are merely backing theory to win against experience—when theory promises nothing that experience will not give.

But the \$1500 you pay for a Mitchell buys the best that we are able to produce, after having made more than \$11,000,000 worth of successful low-priced cars.

Will you take what some maker *thinks* is a good car, when you can get what 8000 Mitchell owners *know* is the best car \$1500 will buy?



Learn These Things Before You Buy a Car

Take one example of the difference between the proven Mitchell and any "paper" car. The best motor car theory is that the water pump should be driven at half the speed of the engine.

We made Mitchell water pumps that way at first—eight years ago. But when the Mitchell got in common use on the deserts of Nevada, there was trouble with hot cylinders.

On those broiling desert sands, where the water heats while the car is standing still, it takes more to cool a car than it does on the boulevards of Chicago.

So we made a radical change from the "best motor car practice"—we forsake the kind of knowledge on which "paper" cars are built—and we doubled the speed of the water pump.

Since we geared the water pumps to go at full engine speed, there has been no more trouble with heated cylinders—even on the hottest days and in the deepest sands that the deserts of Nevada know.

And the result is that there are only two cars which today are in common, successful use on those desert sands—one a car that costs more than three times the Mitchell price—the other, of course, the Mitchell.

Do you want a car that has been perfected by experience, or do you want a "paper" car?

Take another example: Imagine the strains of mountain driving. The strains, particularly, that come on the crank shaft at every stroke of the pistons.

Most crank shafts are hung from two bearings—one at either end.

With only two bearings, there must be play in the middle. Where there is play there is added strain. And in mountain and hill climbing, broken shafts must result.

The Mitchell crank shaft has five bearings. One at either end—three extra ones in between.

Two bearings are not enough for safety—remember that when you look at the plans of a "paper" car.

You may not want a car for desert riding. You may not want a car for mountain climbing. But you can be sure of a car when it stands such tests as these. Can you be sure of any "paper" car?

And, as with the water pump and the crank shaft, so with the transmission, so with the clutch, so with the rear axle, so with the lubrication, so with the brakes, so with every part of the Mitchell car.

In the Mitchell you will find perfections, refinements, superiorities of the kind that come only with experience—perfections, refinements, superiorities that no "paper" car, no matter how skilled its maker, can possibly have.

But if the makers of "paper" cars knew all these vital things which eight years of experience in building low-priced cars have taught us—they would not, even then, make so good a car as the Mitchell at \$1500.

The cost of making the special dies and tools, alone, would prohibit it.

If we had to begin at the beginning, as they do, this new 1909 Mitchell would cost you \$1000 more.

It is only because our dies, special tools and initial expenses were paid for and charged off, years ago, that we can give so good a car for so small a price.

The \$1500 you pay for a Mitchell Model K goes not into dies and special tools—it goes into material, workmanship, testing—it goes into the car you get.

Material, workmanship, testing.

It is not enough for us to know that our design is right, that our material is perfect, that our workmanship is of the best.

It is not enough for us to know that the 8000 cars that we have made are right.

We must know that the particular car you buy is right.

So we test it as though we were making a car a year, instead of fifteen cars a day.

We test it on the roughest roads of eastern Wisconsin—we give it actual road punishment of from 100 to 250 miles—over hills—through sand—on straight stretches—the kind of a test you would give it if you were testing it yourself.

Compare this four-cylinder, five-passenger \$1500 Mitchell with any of the "paper" cars. Or compare it with the best American cars, no matter what their cost or pretensions.

You will not find in any of them more vanadium and nickel steel. You will not find more perfect engines. You will not find a proven superiority which this \$1500 Mitchell lacks.

This \$1500 Mitchell is an imposing looking car.

It has a wheel base of 105 inches. The body is wholly of metal. The upholstery is luxurious. The wheels are big—32 inches—fitted with detachable rims and four-inch tires.

The engine is housed under a big, handsome hood. The four cylinders are cast separately, as the best engines always are. 28-30 horse-power.

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There are two complete ignition systems—the \$150 Splitdorf magneto, geared direct to the engine, and a regular battery system.

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The transmission is of the selective sliding gear type—as in \$5000 to \$7000 cars.

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Don't buy a "paper" car—don't buy any car till you know all about this wonderful \$1500 Mitchell K. Please use the coupon.

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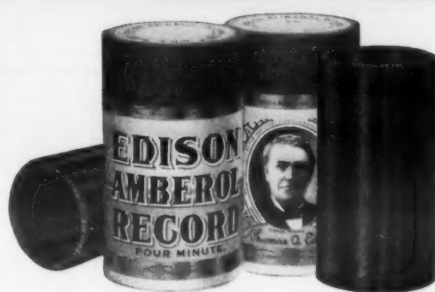
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IN a historic Westchester village, more than an hour's ride from New York, there were two typical country general stores. Both sold bacon by the side, sugar and oatmeal in bulk, pink candy at fifteen cents a pound, and yellow soap that was thought to be as good for the toilet as it was for washing dishes. Profit on much of this staple merchandise was slender.

One day a real estate man came. A boom started. Farmers sold their land for suburban homes and moved into the village to live on their money. City people came, remodeled old houses and built new. Then a third store was opened by an enterprising city chap.

One of the village storekeepers was a veteran called "Pop," who regarded this newcomer as an intruder. But the other was young. The city merchant interested him. He kept his eyes open.

The new merchant bid for the city people's trade. All his stock was city stock in clean, sanitary cartons, tins, glass jars. He asked eighty cents a pound for candy that wasn't even pink. He got twenty-five cents for a pesky little cake of toilet soap, and when "Pop" heard about this he nearly had

apoplexy. "Pop" made yellow soap an issue, and tried to keep the villagers from the extravagances of city people.

The young country merchant saw, however, that city people were not necessarily extravagant. They read more, that was all. Magazines kept them informed about the quality, purity, and real economy of the better commodities they ate, drank, and used. He soon discovered that the new things this city merchant put in stock, and that city people bought without question at good prices and fair profits, were uniformly the commodities advertised in magazines. The young country

merchant caught the idea, and began reading magazines too, and stocking goods that manufacturers were anxious to help him sell through their periodical advertising. If the other man could sell twenty-five-cent soap, so could he. Moreover, he did. In three months he was selling several different kinds at that price—one for the toilet, another for the hair, a third for babies. By and by, without losing any of his original village trade, this country storekeeper was getting good patronage from the city people. Then an odd development came about. The progressive villagers also began to buy city folks' goods. They wanted soap at a quarter and bacon in jelly glasses.

"Pop" held the fort nobly. His place remained a country store in every respect. The country people still go there when they want something at a low price, and it is a fine place to talk politics. But when they want something especially nice, they go to the young storekeeper who is now a prosperous merchant. In the past five years his turnover has increased over threefold.

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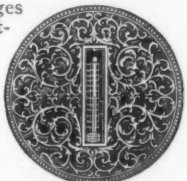
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Collier's

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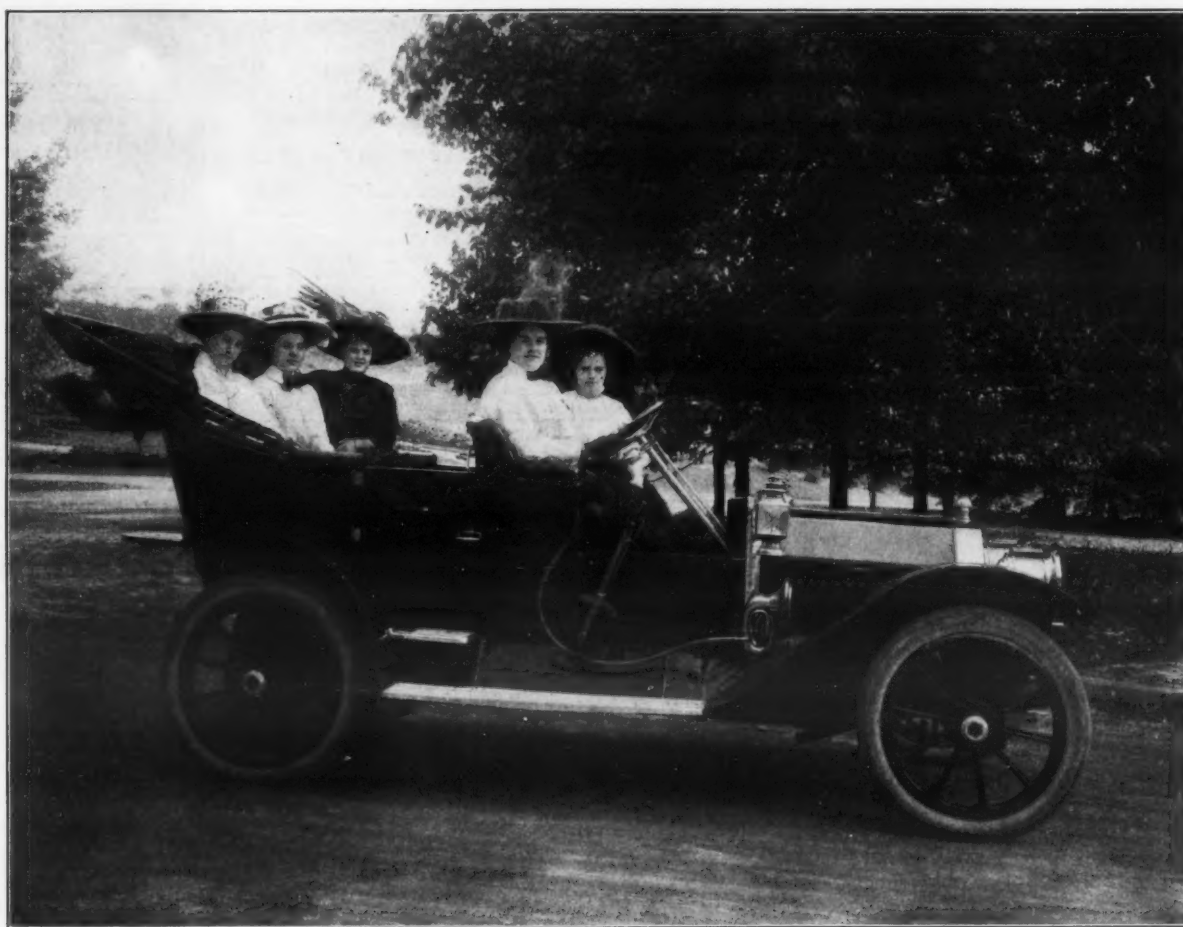
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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, October 31, 1908



Pour Encourager les Autres

« Suggested to "Algol" by Collier's offer of a prize for the best account of a vacation

PPOINT, fretful toiler, point a livelier quill,
Than in bound ledgers spells the trade of slaves;
Now while the magic clings about thee still
Of trails and towpaths, waterfalls and waves,
Tell of the mountain gorge, the roaring river,
The white-capped surges (splendid for the liver),
Of murmurous forests and mysterious caves.

QUICK! ere the dull obsession of the mart
Lays the frail ghost of thy superior self,
Tell of each haunt, secluded and apart.
(But reached for quite a modest sum in pelf),
Or where the blue lakes reflect the shouldering hills,
Or swilit fringe of the lazy ocean spills
On rock-bound homes of urchin and of elf.

O, WHEN you fled the hurry and the howls
Of greedy manikins, the jar and jostle,
When poised above a pair of well-cooked fowls
You praised the peace of your sequestered hostel.
"This," you observed, "is what the untrammelled spirit
"Was properly intended to inherit!"
And pledged your freedom in a plenteous massail.

MYSELF have sat expectant and a-sneeze
From dewy morn to not less chilly night,
Munching a slice of mild October cheese
And waiting for the frigid fish to bite.
I have observed, a prey to keen emotion,
The largest yellontail in all the ocean
Fracture my rod and disappear in flight.

I, TOO, have spread my shoulders to the earth,
Probing the entrails of a lifeless car,
Have felt the village idiots' senseless mirth,
The wanton drayman's cynical ha! ha!
And I have biffed into revolving space
Full many a member of the human race,
And mocked their lamentations from afar.

SO, TAKE your pen and tell the tale anew,
Viewing the past with visionary eyes,
It needn't all be absolutely true,
So art embellishes what else were lies.
Back to the pike, the cañon, and the bay,
Up stakes, weigh anchor, crank her up, away!
And one of you will surely get the prize.

*Fifty dollars for the best and \$25 for each accepted contribution.
The contest closes November 15.

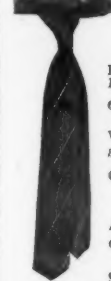
The Story of the Plague

« Mr. C. P. Connolly is well known to our readers. His thoroughness in investigation and his knowledge of the West seem to make him the ideal man to give an exact account of the present situation regarding the bubonic plague. That account will be printed in our issue of November 7, and will be satisfactory, we think, to those citizens of the Pacific Coast who would regret a needless alarm, and, at the same time, are glad to have pointed out the need that exists in certain places of methods as thorough as those which have been pursued in San Francisco.

The Vanderbilt Cup Race

« Next week we can promise some interesting pages describing and picturing the Vanderbilt Cup race—the American Automobile Drivers' Derby. Charles Belmont Davis's "The First Man Back" will give a lively account of the experiences of the diligent spectator who went to find out why 250,000 and more people crowded the course, and James H. Hare will be on hand with his camera.

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CADMUS SOWING THE DRAGON'S TEETH

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Collier's

The National Weekly

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NEW YORK



October 31, 1908

Hughes—His Crimes

IF YOU TURN THIEF, say that Governor HUGHES is to blame. Such was the defense of a man who was caught stealing a valise in the Grand Central Station of New York City. He had supported himself previously with horse-racing, and when the enforcement of the laws killed his business, he took to other methods. As he stole luggage as a means of livelihood, the real criminal was the Governor. Some other opponents of Governor HUGHES are scarcely less ingenuous. The Stock Exchange is opposing him bitterly because he is willing to have that Exchange investigated. It protests, as the insurance men protested, that the business methods of the Exchange are perfect, yet it is unwilling to have these methods exhibited to an admiring public. Governor HUGHES is not a wild radical; he is not a man who will support any measure, however unjust, because it is marked progressive. He fearlessly made enemies by vetoing the two-cent railroad bill, as he fearlessly made another batch of enemies by vetoing the five-cent Coney Island bill. He is no more afraid of the public than he is of the corporations; and it ought to be said in favor of even the New York public that the ordinary people are much more favorable to him and to his genuine government than are the men of wealth. Not only the members of the Stock Exchange, but the big financiers in every direction, are working eagerly against him. Governor HUGHES has never done or said anything to show that he favored any fanatical interference by the State with the proper liberty of the individual. It is easy enough, however, for both machines, Republican and Democratic, in accord in this hostility to HUGHES, to spread the idea among the people that, because the Governor favors government by law and not by pull, he would like to initiate a lot of imaginary interference with the individual. Mr. CHANLER is now making his campaign—as far as he makes any at all—on two propositions: (1) That a candidate ought not to speak or think for himself, but repeat what his party and his party platform tell him. (2) That "government by commission" is a bad thing and should be suppressed. This is the Mr. CHANLER who a little while ago was eulogizing the record of the Governor. It is the same Mr. CHANLER who a little while before that said that his own election was of infinitely small importance compared to the election of Mr. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. It is the Mr. CHANLER who said that, when in difficulty and needing guidance, he and his friends should turn back to the principles enunciated by Mr. HEARST and "say to one another, what would *he* have us do were he here?" We have nothing against Mr. CHANLER. He seems to mean well enough, but his idea of government is party subserviency, and his campaign makes a sorry contrast, in its vacillating timidity, to the real statesmanship that has been shown throughout his term by the present Governor. Powerful, however, are the forces working against HUGHES, and he will be defeated unless special effort is made by those voters of the State whose thinking is their own.

Consistency

SELLING HIS HORSES, RUDOLPH SPRECKELS, the determined San Francisco reformer, declares that his pleasure in racing is as keen as ever, but that he will no longer feel comfortable in the sport as long as gambling continues to be not a mere incident but the principal consideration. Mr. SPRECKELS explains, with obvious truth, that he is no Puritan, but that a man doing his political work can scarcely, with consistency, defend the bribery by which the race-tracks seek to prevent the regulation of gambling. Mr. SPRECKELS

is a good citizen. He enjoys racing, but he does not care to protect this entertainment of his by corrupting legislatures and thus buying the defeat of the people's will.

A Tale Unfolded

THE WEST IS ALIVE, politically, to such an extent that even the deeply entrenched JOE CANNON sees his political life in danger, if not from Danville, yet from those States in which the citizens are demanding pledges against CANNON, or are supporting Democrats for Congress in order to make an end of Uncle JOE and of those policies of which he is the most powerful and stanch defender. One of his most obedient lieutenants is Representative TAWNEY of Minnesota, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. We published, a few weeks ago, a cartoon showing Uncle JOE and TAWNEY and ALDRICH holding the bridge against progress, with the legend:

"In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three!"

Pretending to answer this criticism, and others which we have made of him, Mr. TAWNEY uses the easy trick of charging a selfish motive. For the benefit of voters in his district, we state the facts. We have been interested, it is true, in preserving the birthplace of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and some members of our staff are members of the Lincoln Farm Association. That Association asked Congress to aid in preserving the site, especially as the park is to be turned over to Congress for the whole people. Neither the Association, however, nor this paper had any feeling whatever about the decision reached in Congress, as any one can find out by talking with any honest member of any committee concerned. More light, moreover, will be thrown on the ideas of such men as TAWNEY by a little incident which occurred in this connection. While the Lincoln Farm matter was being considered, and when our principal article on CANNON was known to be in preparation, one of the men very close to Uncle JOE told a member of our staff that if we would let up on Uncle JOE the appropriation would be granted. How we met that proposition, our editorial files will show. It was the kind of suggestion that is typical of that whole school of politics of which CANNON, ALDRICH, and TAWNEY are such shining lights.

Bryan and Taft

WHILE THIS PERIODICAL has supported Mr. TAFT, it has done it in a very different spirit from that in which it takes up questions which really stir its blood. The defeat of Mr. HUGHES would cause us to weep, for in our mind such a decision would be clearly and flagrantly wrong. Likewise the election of CANNON and TAWNEY and their kind would seem to us a mistake, beyond the possibility of doubt. But in the matter of TAFT and BRYAN there is no such clearness. Mr. TAFT is discouraging on the tariff. He is a defender of the hazardous, expensive, and demoralizing spirit of imperialism. The candidate for Vice-President on his ticket stands for the dollar's rule. We support TAFT, therefore, not with eagerness and enthusiasm, as we support HUGHES and attack CANNON, but merely on the balance of considerations, because Mr. BRYAN lacks intelligence, and because in our day blind and ignorant domestic agitation is even more dangerous than tariff graft and imperial extravagance, and more likely to increase and to threaten our self-government. CATILINE once proposed to abolish every debt, and the latest historian of Rome draws a parallel between that proposal and Mr. BRYAN's former devotion to the idea of having gold debts paid off in silver. His thought to-day seems to us no more clear than it was yesterday. Therefore we favor the election of Mr. TAFT, but our most intense interest on next Tuesday night will be centered in Danville and New York. That Mr. BRYAN is, financially, the same unconscious demagogue seems to us sufficiently proved by the deposit-guarantee plan, the fifty per cent trust-busting scheme, and the attacks on Mr. HUGHES's vetoes of rate legislation. Moreover, something still more serious is possible. The treatment of the courts by Mr. ROOSEVELT will be looked upon as the most dangerous element

in his career. Mr. BRYAN's remarks give every reason to fear that he might be far worse. Mr. TAFT, with his combination of open-eyed criticism of wrong methods with knowledge of the law and understanding of the need of judicial independence, would be an ideal man to select judges, perhaps the most important function which the next President will be called upon to perform.

More About Plague

THE SITUATION regarding bubonic plague will be treated fully in an article next week. Meantime, in justice to San Francisco, let us repeat that her plague precautions have been a model for the rest of the country, and have placed San Francisco in excellent sanitary condition, free from any immediate danger of a recurrence of the scourge. There are, however, adjacent towns that have been indifferent. "Plague," says one of the best authorities on the subject, "takes its own time and opportunity for its development, and it is unwise to be lulled into a sense of security by its apparent impotency to spread in a particular country." History shows that when it once gets started, though it travels slowly, its range is finally world-wide. It is traveling now down the Pacific Coast of South America and up the Atlantic. A disease that last year in India killed 1,200,000 people out of 1,400,000 cases, and the percentage of present mortality of which in China is as great, compels national and international attention.

Perkins, Hearst, Etc.

IT IS but two generations since the pathfinders risked disease and death to cross the desert and organize the present civilization of the Golden State. They would hardly have believed she would so soon become a mere political chattel of the Southern Pacific. THOMAS STARR KING saved California to the Union when she was on the verge of secession. Who shall save her from the Southern Pacific? Surely not Senator PERKINS. That his coming reelection is complacently looked forward to in California is a sad indication of public apathy. PERKINS is utterly obedient to the commands of the Southern Pacific machine. It is a pathetic fact that every Representative in Congress from California who has shown independence of the Southern Pacific in the past has gone the way of political oblivion. The far-reaching fight that corporation has made for ABE RUEF shows how widespread and how deep-seated are its purposes. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League made a creditable attempt this year to cast out the Southern Pacific machine, but failed. It was only through the aroused patriotism of a few men that southern California's great harbor of San Pedro was saved from the fate that has made San Francisco a single-track metropolis. It would be interesting to know why that great reformer, WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, suddenly began to fight against LANGDON, HENEY, and SPRECKELS. Perhaps, as he is asking so many questions, he will tell us whether there is any truth whatever in the persistent suspicions that he is pecuniarily interested in the Wells-Fargo Express Company, and that the Wells-Fargo Express Company is pecuniarily interested in the Southern Pacific? We have not time, at present, to investigate these charges, and, besides, it ought not to be necessary for us to spend the time and money required, for Mr. HEARST, in his own way, will surely enlighten a curious public about the rea-

sons for his extreme friendliness to the Harriman interests and his consequent hostility to reform in California. There is a reason for most of Mr. HEARST's policies, and, therefore, we take it, for this.

New Hampshire

THE BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD stamp is on the Republican nominee for Governor of New Hampshire. The Democratic nominee is a man of intelligence and good record, who has come out with a square promise to the public that, if elected, he will remove PUTNEY, the railroad commissioner who has been such a disgrace to the State. This promise to the public Mr. QUINBY, the Republican nominee, has refused to make. New Hampshire is one of those States that are almost unshakable, but it would be distinctly intelligent of her if she could make up her mind to elect a Democratic Governor on Tuesday next.

Party Bedfellows

THIS IS a pretty picture, Senator FULTON introducing Senator BEVERIDGE in Portland, Oregon, and being praised in the speech of that eloquent apostle of progress. When the Republican leaders undertake to back up such men as FULTON, they are helping the Democratic cause all over the country, and, if the country were not afraid of BRYAN, it would be delighted to punish the Republicans for various and sundry reasons. The nomination of LILLEY in Connecticut, for example, ought to lose that State to the Republicans, although it probably will not. The President used good judgment in showing up the trick by which LILLEY endeavored to give the impression that Mr. ROOSEVELT approved of his candidacy. "Blindly to follow the opinions of your party," wrote BURKE, "when in direct opposition to your own clear ideas," betokens "a degree of servitude that no worthy man could bear the thought of submitting to."

The Niagara District

RICHLY DESERVING of defeat is the Republican nominee for Congress from the Niagara district. His name is JAMES S. SIMMONS. On page 73 of the 1908 edition of the Niagara Falls Directory there appears this phrase: "The Lower Niagara River Power and Water Supply Company (Incorporated), 2,009 Main Street; JAMES S. SIMMONS, President." His presidency of this company is well known, and we understand that the Ontario Power Company owns the Lower Niagara Company. There seems

also to be reason to believe that the interests owning the Ontario Power Company own the North End Land Company, of which Mr. JAMES S. SIMMONS is, likewise, president. This land company has the real estate in the neighborhood of the Devil's Hole, where the attempted Whirlpool Rapids development is to be located. What we see in this situation is a careful, concerted attempt on the part of the large interests owning the Ontario Power Company, now shut out from delivering into America more than their proportion of the power permitted under the Burton bill, to secure a radical modification of that bill at its expiration on June 29, 1909. The interests most concerned in destroying Niagara Falls have succeeded in placing in nomination on the Republican ticket a man who is known to be absolutely in favor of that destruction. It is scarcely necessary, therefore, to add that every consideration of reason and justice calls for the defeat of Mr. SIMMONS.

Light on Roosevelt

A Letter from the President in Which He Explains His Relation to Public Opinion

From a letter of Roger S. Baldwin of New Haven, Connecticut, to the Editor of COLLIER'S.

"In the fall of 1903 I was serving as forest ranger in the newly created Pine Mountain and Zaca Lake Forest Reserve, southern California. I had noticed with regret the rapid extermination of the deer and grouse in the district I patrolled. The State game laws were amply sufficient to protect if enforced, but there was no organized public opinion behind them, and the local wardens were appointed from the riffraff. As the hunting season drew to a close, I wrote to the President, submitting a detailed statement of the number of does and fawns killed, also of crippled deer left to perish, and urged that the forest supervisors be directed to have their Federal rangers enrolled as State game wardens, and then that a strict policy of enforcement be adopted.

"I received the following reply:

"WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.
"October 13, 1903.

"MY DEAR MR. BALDWIN:

"Would it be possible for you to get up something in the nature of a petition that would justify me in saying that there was a genuine movement in the State itself to have the forest rangers made game wardens? I can show you my attitude in the matter by the analogy of the Yosemite. I think the Yosemite should be under national control. A lot of good people in California think so too; but until there is a strong sentiment—if possible a predominant sentiment—to that effect, I should do damage by advocating it, for I should merely arouse hostility. It is just the same thing with these forest reserves. *I want to go just as far in preserving the forests and preserving the game and wild creatures as I can lead public sentiment. But if I try to drive public sentiment I shall fail, save in exceptional cases. Occasionally, where I have deemed the case wholly exceptional, I have gone, and in the future in such cases I shall go, directly contrary to public sentiment, and sometimes I have had public sentiment turn right around and support me; but in a Government like ours the wisdom of an extreme step of this kind is directly proportionate to its rarity.*

"Sincerely yours,

The italics are ours.

"Theodore Roosevelt."

Caesar in Journalism

WHO WAS THE FIRST man in history to conceive the idea of a journalism intended for all the people? It is possible to make a plausible claim for the many-sided experimenter who conquered Gaul, led the democratic party in Rome, and became her absolute ruler. Without the invention of printing, Democracy as we know it now would never have been possible. In Rome the news of the day was obtained by the rich through a number of copies, made by slaves, of a set of notes about current events. CAESAR, at that time making his way as leader of the popular party, conceived the idea of furnishing this news to all the people. His method was to have the facts written on walls here and there throughout the city. This writing was after a time erased and newer information was substituted. This first popular newspaper, it will be observed, was furnished to the readers absolutely without cost.

Tragedy

A CHIPMUNK, proceeding innocently, was captured by a feline hunter searching for her dinner. After the chipmunk was already dead, some tender-hearted children drove away the cat, and, out of the fulness of their hearts, gave to her victim a decent burial. Sympathy goes to all the three. The chipmunk was killed, the cat was hungry, and the children were heartbroken. Everybody acted honorably and everybody got the worst of it. That is tragedy.

Again Autumn

THE FALL OF THE YEAR was discussed by us last week. As supporting our own friendly view of the so-called "melancholy days" of autumn, these lines of KEATS may be recalled:

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells with
a sweet kernel . . ."

If a picture so beautiful stands for solemnity, it is because it typifies the passing of summer, and is premonitory of winter. LAFCADIO HEARN, clear-eyed dreamer, finds in it the spell which reawakens the inherited associations of eons of preexistence.

"Possibly there is blended with it something of . . . the immemorial mourning of man for the death of summer; but this and other feelings, inherited from ages of wandering, would revive more especially in the great vague melancholy that autumn brings into what we still call our souls."

At any rate, sad or happy, it is pleasant to think sometimes of swirling leaves and galvanizing blasts from Heaven, rather than all the time of art and politics, motor cars, personalities, and comic operas.

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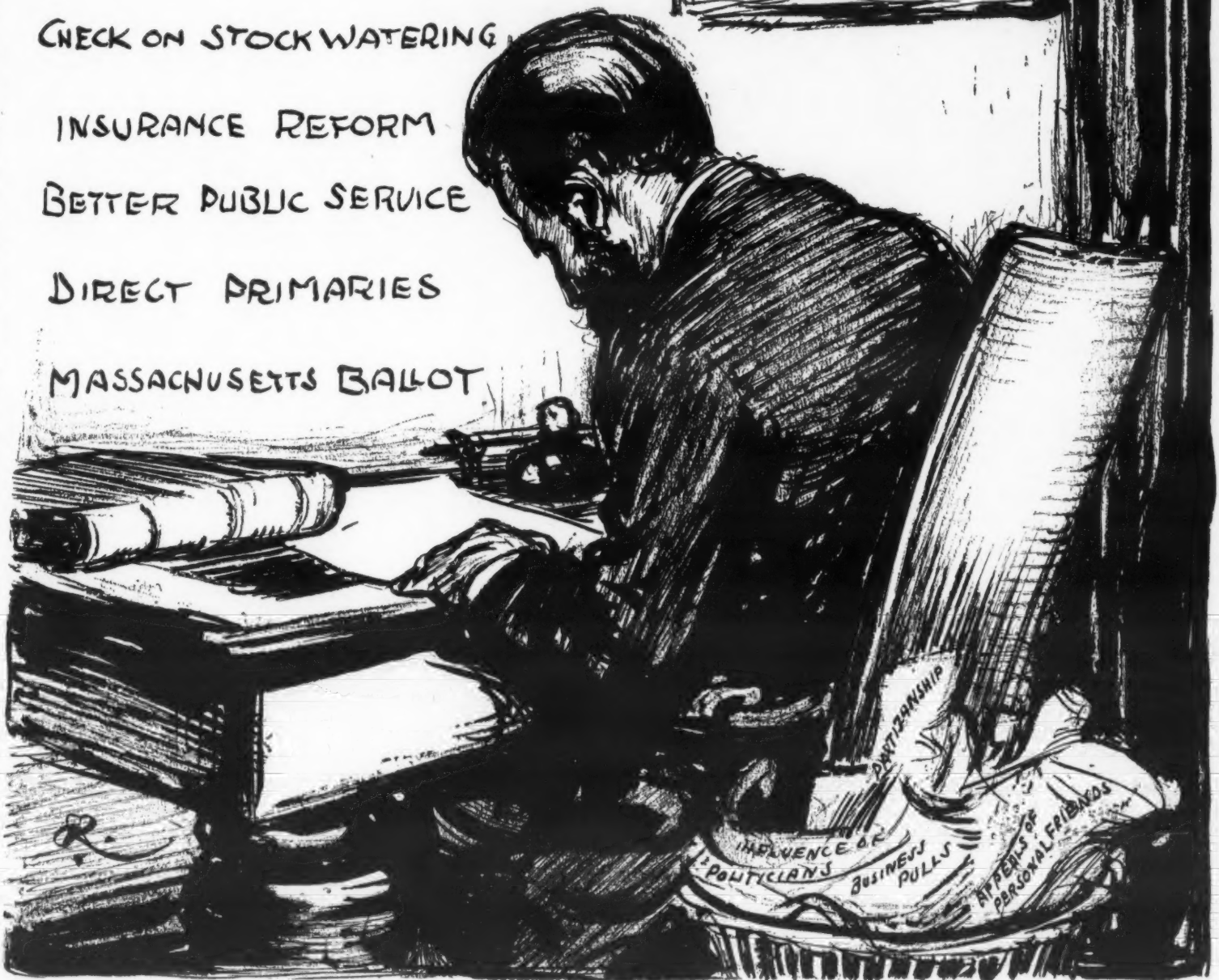
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THIS OUGHT TO BE A
GOVERNMENT BY
THE PEOPLE



Is This Narrow-Mindedness?

Drawn by
BOARDMAN ROBINSON

McGennis's Promotion

The Future at the Bottom of the Notched Post

By ROWLAND THOMAS

To this Story was Awarded the \$1,000 Prize in the Quarterly Contest Ending March 1, 1908



Illustrated by
CHARLES SARIKA

With loose reins he rode away to his house

WITHIN a minute or two of six o'clock that morning the sun rose, and it was broad, staring day. One instant the world was smothered in a damp, impenetrable, almost tangible, grayness; the next, its nakedness lay discovered in a glare of light.

There was a sea of limpid, lukewarm water, heaving slowly, a ribbon of beach, metallic-white, a tangle of untended, unproductive vegetation, a village equally untended and unproductive—except of unnecessary babies—where listless brown people moved without much purpose, or, lacking the ambition even to make a show of activity, lolled where they were.

The tropical sun had no magic of half-lights to tinge it all with romance or stir it into fugitive beauty. Such as Sicaba was at heart, it stood revealed.

When the sun rose, John McGennis rose too, and stood for a moment, unshivering in the lukewarm air, to look down on the poverty of his town, before he turned to pour water over himself out of an old tomato-can.

Like the morning and the sea and the air, the water had no tang in it, and McGennis, drying himself slowly and methodically, felt no fresher for his bath. When a youthful and well-tempered body fails to respond to the caress of sluicing water there is generally something wrong with the mind which inhabits it. There was with the mind of McGennis.

The trouble lay outside his window. That compound of staring sea and sky and stared-at village which the day revealed had overwhelmed him. As mere geological and botanical facts, Sicaba, Pagros, the Tropics, had proved too big for him. They made of him just a spot of life, meaningless as an ant toiling unendingly in the forest of the grass-stems. Tiny dot of intelligence that he had found himself in the midst of those triumphant physical forces, McGennis

had come to wonder whether anything he could do among them mattered much.

Slowly and methodically, as he had bathed, he dressed—right puttee, left puttee, put the strap twice round, haul it through the buckle and tuck the end back neatly—and when he was trim in his khaki and yellow leather he stood for a moment with the irresolution of inertia on him. Then he pulled his knife from his pocket, strode across to the thick corner-post of his room, stooped, and with elaborate care cut a notch in the tough, dense wood.

The post, from the upward limit of his reach to well down toward his knees, was jagged with such notches, lying in groups of seven, six side by side, and another cut diagonally across them. They were a calendar of more than ordinary significance, in the mind of its maker. Each of them represented a day of "Grin, gabble, gobble," each checked off twenty-four hours in which he had stuck by his traditions, greeting every comer with that contortion of the lips which, conventionally at least, expresses pleasure, eating sufficient food to keep his body in repair—McGennis revered his body unthinkingly as an ancient Greek—and in which he had, both in his office and in the primitive society of Sicaba, "waggled his jaw," and thereby overcome a growing disposition to speechlessness.

With the fierce enthusiasm of an ascetic he cut these records, ineffaceably deep, on the mornings of the days for which they stood. Thus there could be no going back. Staring at him from the undecaying wood, they warned him that for one more stretch at least he must grin, gobble, and gabble, or be a quitter.

They served a more immediately practical purpose also. McGennis had found that it was the first grimace, the first nibble at the food his Occidental stomach loathed, the first burst of inane chatter, which came hard. Once fairly started, the grin became a veritable smile—how boyish and appealing he had never guessed—the chatter became animated question and answer, and his stomach, more fundamen-

tally human than Occidental, found even the food Sicaba afforded preferable to emptiness. But somehow the quiet of the evenings and the stillness of the long nights and the flatness of the dawns brought back continually the question: "What's the use?" and he would have his fight to make all over, with his notch.

On this particular morning he stood for a while staring at the jagged post, which was at once a cenotaph to his departed days and an altar prepared for the sacrifice of days to come. Without counting, McGennis knew that his latest notch rounded out a tale of three hundred and sixty-five. The possibilities of that one post were not exhausted yet, and his house held a dozen other posts, virgin still, and smooth. And even if he should endure to notch all the posts in all the houses of Sicaba, and all the fringing palms along the beach, and all the trees in the primeval forest round about, it would result in—what?

McGennis had met a man once, down in Bacolot, who made a practise of getting as drunk as possible once each month, once and no more. It gave one something definite to look forward and back to, and hope for and regret, he had explained without embarrassment, and that was an achievement for a white man in the tropics. McGennis, staring glumly at the record of his featureless year, felt that perhaps that man was as reasonable as any other.

Then, impulsively, he stooped again and the knife-blade flashed with mimic fierceness as he hacked at his post. When he rose there were fourteen new notches in it. He had mortgaged a fortnight of his new year. There was no sense in it, very likely, but it was done, and irrevocable, and therefore comforting in a way. He stood back, and the first smile of the day curled his lips. The fool part of him amused the rest, and he turned to the sala and breakfast with some cheerfulness.

He was making his last few conscientious pecks at that meal when the Municipal Secretary—exalted and short-winded personage—climbed his stairs puffing and stood blinking in the door. McGennis set his cup down and uttered the sound which trustful Sicaba interpreted as the outburst of uncontrollable joy.

"Well, Secretario!" he cried in his atrocious and unfaltering Spanish. "You're just in time for chocolate. Milicio!" he shouted to his cook.

The Secretary raised a pudgy hand in deprecation the dignity of an official mission being on him. "It iss dhe lattair, Mr. Magheenis," he announced, holding out a crumpled official envelope. "Dhe Supervisor Provincial sends it wiv a man to running."

Smiling the contented smile of a fat man whose exertion is over, the Secretary sank into a chair and fanned himself with his hat. "Seria muy importante," he explained more familiarly. "The courier cost two pesos. I brought it over at once."

"A letter by courier and two pesos!" McGennis cried, knowing that surprise was expected. "We're getting up in the world. Excuse me if I read it, Secretario?"

"With pleasure," the Secretary murmured, but McGennis did not hear him. He heard nothing, saw nothing, but those surprising words in the crabbed writing of his chief which changed life in a flash and settled that tormenting question once for all.

Twice he read the letter through greedily before he dropped it to stare out through the open window. A kaleidoscopic change had overtaken Botany and Geology. The corner of the weedy plaza on which his house fronted now lay fresh and clean under the early sunshine and the salty breeze. Beyond it rose a grove of cocoa palms, with brown-thatched houses nestled in its shade, and between the tall columns of the tree-trunks shot the crisp sparkle of the blue Visayan Sea. All at once even Sicaba was exuberant with life, youthful in beauty, friendly. Half noting the change, McGennis raced along beside his thronging thoughts.

What the chief said was true. He had thought he was forgotten and stranded in Sicaba. Hastily his mind swept back over the dragging year he was just finishing. Again he saw himself, an enthusiastic pilgrim with a work to do. Again he went through the disenchantment, felt the vastness and wildness of the islands, triumphant Geology and Botany, burst upon him, reminding him for the first time that even an Engineer is only a man at bottom. And once again he felt his disappointment in the people, the simple, childlike, obstinately pliant folk who listened so interestedly and opposed the inertia of dead centuries to every improvement. How was one to teach them anything? And why should a deputy provincial supervisor, placed in charge of the roads and bridges and harbors of the whole North Coast, with headquarters at Sicaba, try to create roads

and bridges and harbors to supervise? That had become the question finally.

But he had kept on trying, and now a year was up and he had accomplished something, even in hopeless Sicaba. The town was a little cleaner for his having lived there. A few people had come to trust "America." And there were roads and bridges and harbors, on the blue-prints in his office. Perhaps it had paid after all. At any rate, the people liked him, and he liked them. The fat old Secretario, now—

Just then that patient man interrupted him with the most suppressed of coughs. "Well, Secretario," said McGennis, rousing, "let's drink our chocolate. I must have been dreaming. I hope I haven't kept you waiting long?"

"Only a moment," the visitor assured him, though the Deputy Supervisor's day-dream had lasted long for any dream, "only a moment. I hope," he added, curiosity struggling with courtesy, "that I did not bring bad news."

"Bad news!" McGennis beamed on him. "You brought the best little old news you'll ever tote. Secretario, if you never promulgate worse news than that, you'll boost your circulation a thousand a day. It was red news with green edges."

The Secretario could understand the tone if the words were beyond him, and his smile matched McGennis's own. "I could almost believe," said he, with elephantine archness, "that the Government had increased your salary."

"Secretario," said McGennis approvingly, "you hit the truth in the eye that time. But that isn't the best of it."

"Ah," said the Secretario promptly, "then you are also to be married."

"Not on your life," McGennis shouted scornfully. "Not on your life, Secretario. They've raised me."

"Raised you?" the Secretario murmured uncomprehendingly. Most of McGennis's conversation was half-incomprehensible to him—and all the more entertaining just for that. It brought him into touch with words he had never heard of.

"Sure," McGennis repeated. "Raised me. Shoved me up a peg. Promoted me."

"Ah, promoted!" said the Secretario, catching at the flying tails of a word he knew.

"In the eye again," McGennis applauded. "Secretario," he began impressively, smoothing out the crumpled letter, "the Old Man"—so he spoke of his chief, the engineer in charge of the battle with Botany and Geology in the two great provinces of *Pagros Oriental y Occidental*—"the Old Man has had his eye on me, so he says. And I reckon he means it. Yes, sir, the old telescope has had a sight on yours respectfully clear up here in Sicaba."

"Yes?" murmured the Secretario, heroically sipping his detestable lukewarm chocolate.

"And he says," McGennis quoted freely, "that I haven't made good so worse, and that, having watered and weeded the banana tree, I shall now open my mouth and let something drop therein. And what, Secretario," McGennis demanded excitedly, "what do you suppose is going to drop?"

"Yes," the Secretario agreed placidly, "I comprehend. It is a very good idea."

"You bet it is," McGennis shouted. "But you don't comprehend enough to notice. Look here, Secretario. You know they're building a road up in the Igorrote country, and the Igorrotes won't work, and they're going to put me in charge of the worst section of it and see if I can make 'em work. Will I make them?" he demanded rhetorically. "Will I? I'm sorry for them already yet."

"Yes," murmured the Secretario. "It is a very good idea. I comprehend with clearness, and up to a certain point I agree—"

"I don't believe it," said McGennis flatly. "Listen, Secretario! I'm going away, sabe? No more Sicaba in mine! No more Pagros. No more bridges and harbors in a cat's eye, but some real live Igorrotes and a bunch of picks and shovels and a road you can see! And dynamite! Lord, Secretario, you don't know how good it'll seem to hear a real noise again. And—"

McGennis stopped suddenly, for something in his words had at last penetrated to the Secretario's understanding. Slowly the worthy officer put down his cup. Slowly he got to his feet, and over his broad, dull face a little procession of emotions made its slow way. Jovial interest gave way to surprise, surprise to dismay, and at last dull hopelessness settled on it. "You go away from Sicaba, Magheenis?" he asked heavily. And then he plumped down into his chair again and sat there, an embodiment of chuckleheaded wo.

"Lord," said McGennis to himself, looking at his victim contritely, "I ought not to have tossed it out at him that way."

It was a relief that just at that moment a white-clad native teacher should come to the door of the school-house on the far side of the plaza and ring a bell with nervous, insistent strokes. McGennis jerked out his watch and realized that for the first time in Sicaba he was late in beginning his day. "Stay as long as you want to, Secretario," he called back, fushing for the stairs. The Secretario sat motionless, and McGennis, plunging out into the sunshine, felt a second pang of contrition for having tossed it out so suddenly.

But his regret was only momentary. Somehow the morning sparkled as never morning had outside God's own country, and the Deputy Supervisor, pushing across the plaza with long, boyish strides, responded

to it. "Going away, going away," was the refrain his feet patted out. Away from Sicaba, away from isolation and obscurity, out to the big, big chance which waited him. And the chief had been watching him, canny old Stewart, who said so little and saw so much with those narrowed gray eyes of his; hard-mouthed Stewart, who handled his forces for the overthrow of Botany and Geology, down there in Bacolot, as a general handles his troops. And Stewart, whose approval was a grunt, had said in so many words that he, McGennis, had made good. Truly, it paid to cut your notches and let the Stewarts look out for the meaning of them.

His eager, keen face was so bright, as he cut across the angle where church and convent wall a corner of the plaza, that the men who had been puttering there with stones and cement dropped their work to sing out cheery "*Maayong agas*," a dozen of them in a volley.

"*Maayong aga, amigos*," returned McGennis, and hesitated. He was already late for school—but then school is not one of the duties of an engineer in charge of half a province. One of the few duties that isn't his, McGennis had thought sometimes. Still, this school of Sicaba, in a way—

Somehow McGennis's mind was working in quick flashes, and even as he hung there on his heel he saw again just how that school had become one of his duties, and laughed grimly to think of it.

There had been a Maestro in Sicaba once, a bespectacled American from an East effete beyond words, but chronic indigestion—coupled with a coldness in the feet equally chronic, thought McGennis with light scorn—had caused his early departure. And then the school, in the hands of four warring native teachers, male and female, had been going to the dogs till McGennis, with his inherent dislike for

seeing anything go to the dogs uncombated, had with a deft jerk of the wrist straightened those four warring pedagogues into their collars and kept them there till a Deputy Superintendent of Schools had come riding up to Sicaba to see what was to be done about it. McGennis still remembered that trim, slim, innocent-eyed deputy with regretful admiration.

"I reckon," McGennis had remarked, with the impersonal contempt of an Engineer speaking to a Teacher, "you'll be sending up another glass-eyed Dictionary to snarl 'em all up—"

"I don't know," the Deputy Superintendent had said thoughtfully. "You've done surprisingly well with them yourself."

"That," retorted McGennis with huge sarcasm, "is because I've got nothing else to do."

"In that case," the Deputy had said, looking at him with smiling innocence, "I'll let you keep it, just to fill up the time." And then, unexpectedly, he had swung to his saddle and flicked a spurred heel and gone galloping away, his big Colt's swinging at his trim waist, and left McGennis wrathful yet admiring.

"I say, Mr. McGennis," had been his parting shot "try to keep their accent and vocabulary back as close to the Mississippi as you can, won't you?"

Rather than quit, McGennis had taken the school and kept the restive teachers in line by counsel and admonition, and had even, when he was in town, taught an hour each morning himself, smiling with lofty contempt for his womanish occupation as he revealed to his pupils an accent and vocabulary which had never been east of the Missouri. In a way it was his school—but the work those men were doing at the angle of the plaza was infinitely more his work, and, late or not, he swung on his heel for a look at it.

(Continued on page 26.)



The Deputy Supervisor narrated to them the thrilling difference between a peach and an apple



Yale forcing the ball down to the West Point goal in the October 17 football game when Yale was victorious 6-0, after a severe struggle

First Real Football of the Season



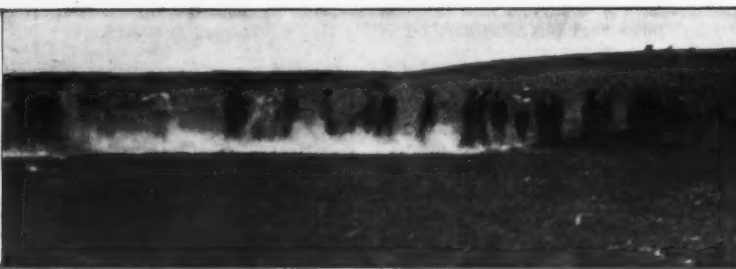
Homeseekers besieging the registry offices



Running the hose out to the edge of the town



The fire curling over the horizon line



Fighting the flames with wet carpets



The men on the back-firing line



Plowing furrows to thwart the flames

Saving a Town by Back-fires

Dallas, South Dakota, Almost Destroyed Before It had a Chance to Begin

THE promptness, efficiency, and town spirit of Dallas, South Dakota, saved it from being wiped out by the prairie fire of October 14. The citizens built back-fires and saved the town. Dallas is a registry point, the most important one, for the opening of the second instalment of Rosebud lands. At noon the word was passed through the town that a fire was coming up from the southwest. Every sort of citizen volunteered for active service, and all together they started out with one chemical engine and one hose wagon. The fire-fight was led by Ray Garner, the Chief of Police, and ex-Governor Jackson, with his sons Graydon, Frank, and Ernest. McSherry, the auxiliary police chief, circulated through the threatened

town, urging out to the fire line the laborers, homeseekers, gamblers, merchants, real estate dealers, and citizens of every sort, and promising them that their property would be guarded from thieves. McSherry then went to some fifty men, who had a reputation for thieving, pocket-picking, and generally shady work, and gave them the chance to leave town at once.

The line of the oncoming fire was four miles long, and for two hours it advanced at the rate of forty miles an hour. Over a thousand volunteers met the fire with wagons carrying water barrels and the great perambulating tank of an oil company filled to the brim with water. Back-fires were started and safety zones constructed. Wet carpet was used to fight the back-fires, which, in spite of all efforts, reached three houses, one of them belonging to Garner, the Chief of Police. Because of the high

wind, the volunteer firemen spent three hours more in keeping the sparks of the burning houses from reaching the next building, a livery stable. Because the police chief devoted himself to the fight for the town and let his own house go, a subscription paper for a new house for him was rapidly filled out. The bedding of the entire town was used for punishing the back-fires, so the residents were forced to sleep under wraps and overcoats for the first few nights after the fire. The eighty thousand affidavits of homeseekers in the land registration were driven away in wagons to a distant point.

Dixon, a town to the northwest of Dallas, was becoming surrounded by fire on October 14, the night of the Dallas fire, when the wind suddenly shifted after the fire had scorched a strip of country forty miles wide and seventy-five miles long.

The Cub Reporter

*The Mystery of the Golden-Haired Girl, and
How the Mate of the Tugboat Tried to
Solve It—The City Editor Who
Sneered, and the Irish Bag-
gageman Who Helped*

By REX BEACH



He slunk shivering out into the darkness and headed toward the morgue

Illustrated by M. LEONE BRACKER

WHY he chose Buffalo, Paul Anderson never knew, unless it was because it had more newspapers than Bay City, Michigan, and his ticket expired in its vicinity. In fact, why he should have given up an easy job as the mate of a tugboat to enter the tortuous paths of literature he did not know, and, lacking introspection, did not stop to analyze, but, feeling the call to higher endeavor, just simply went. Such things as practical experience and educational equipment were but empty words, for he was young and strong and the world is kind at twenty-one.

To be sure, he had hoped to enter his chosen field with luster and financial sinews, and to that end had bought an interest in a patent smoke-consumer which a fireman on another tugboat sold him, and in partnership with the inventor had installed one beneath a sawmill boiler as an experiment. While the thing consumed smoke surprisingly, it likewise unharnessed such an amazing army of heat units that it melted the crown-sheet, whereat the sawmill men, being singularly coarse and unimaginative fellows, set upon the patentees with ash-rakes, draw-bars, and other ordinary, unpatented implements. A lumberjack beat hollowly upon their ribs with a peavey, and that night young Anderson heard anew the call to journalism, harked and hiked, arriving in Buffalo seven dollars and fifty cents to the good.

For seven dollars in advance he chartered a furnished room for one week, carrying with it a meal at each end of the day, leaving a superfluity of fifty cents to be spent in wassail and carousal.

Next day he bought a copy of each newspaper, and, gazing on them fondly, decided there was but one upon which he would care to bestow himself, so weighed anchor and steamed through the town in search of a job. Walking in upon the city editor of the "Intelligencer," he gazed with benevolent approval upon that busy gentleman's broad back. He liked the place, the office suited him, and he decided to have his desk placed over by the window.

After a time the editor wheeled, displaying a young, smooth, fat face, from which peered gray-blue eyes with pin-point pupils.

"Well?" he queried.

"Here I am," said Anderson.

"What do you want?"

"Work."

"What kind?"

"Newspapering."

"What can you do?"

"Anything."

"Well, well!" said the editor. "You don't look like a newspaper man."

"I'm not one—yet. But I'm going to be."

"Where have you worked?"

"Nowhere! You see, I'm really a playwright."

The editor's face showed a bit of interest. "Playwright, eh? Anderson! Anderson!" he mused. "Don't recall the name."

"No," said Paul, "I've never written any plays yet, but I'm going to. That's why I want to sort of begin here and get the hang of this writing game."

A boy entered with some proofs at that moment and tossed them upon the table, disturbing the amazement of the newspaper man, who wheeled back to his task, speaking over his shoulder.

"I'm not running a school of journalism. Good-by."

"Maybe you'd like me to do a little space work—"

"No! Get out. I'm busy."

Anderson retired gracefully, jingling his scanty handful of nickels and dimes, and a half-hour later thrust himself boldly upon the notice of another editor, with a similar result. Six times was this repeated, and at every rebuff the young man became more firmly convinced that journalism was his accepted sphere.

That night, after dinner, he retired to his room with the evening papers, wedged a chair against the bed, and, hoisting his feet upon the wash-stand, absorbed the news of the day. It was ineffably sweet and satisfying to be thus identified with the profession of letters, and immeasurably better than "tugging" on the Saginaw River. Once he had schooled himself in the rudiments of writing, he would step to higher things than newspaper work, but it was well to lay a literary foundation first.

In scanning the papers he noted one topic which interested him, a "similar mystery" story on the second page. From what he read he gathered that much space had been granted to it earlier, but now, as no solution offered, the item was dying slowly, the major portion of each article being devoted to a rehash of similar unsolved mysteries.

He gathered briefly that the golden-haired girl still lay at the morgue unidentified. Bit by bit he gathered the lean story that she was a suicide, and that both the police and the press had failed in every effort to unearth the least particle of information regarding her in spite of her remarkable beauty and certain unusual circumstances surrounding her death.

On the following day Anderson again walked into the editorial rooms of the "Intelligencer" and greeted the smooth, fat-faced occupant thereof.

"Anything doing this time?"

"Nothing this time. Good-by!" said the newspaper man, with a trace of annoyance; then, as the applicant moved out, he halted him at the door.

"Oh! Wait!"

Anderson's heart leaped. After all, he thought, perseverance would—

"Nor any other time," the editor finished, smiling broadly, at which Paul realized that the humor in those pin-point eyes was rather cruel.

Five other calls he made that day, to be greeted gruffly, except by one man, who said:

"Come back next week; I may have an opening then."

Realizing distinctly that for him there was no next week, Anderson inquired:

"How about a little space work in the mean time? I'm pretty good at that stuff."

"You are?"

"Surest thing you know."

"Did you ever do any?"

"No! But I'm all right at it."

"Huh!" The man grunted. "There's no room now, and, come to think of it, you needn't bother to get around next week, after all."

That evening young Anderson repaired to his room with his harvest of daily papers, and again scoured them through. He was by no means discouraged, for his week had just begun. There were still five days of grace, and prime ministers have been made overnight, nations have fallen in five days. Six calls a day for five days, that meant thirty chances for a job. It was a cinch!

Well hidden away among the back pages, he saw again the golden-haired girl story, and although one paper featured it a bit because of some imaginary clue, the others treated it casually, giving him the information that the body still lay at the morgue, a silent, irritating thing of mystery.

On the third day Paul made his round of calls, more quickly now because he was recognized. This time he was practically thrown out of each editorial sanctum, and still his serenity was unruffled and his confidence undisturbed. Of all the six, Burns of the "Intelligencer" treated him worst, adding ridicule to his roughness, which rather annoyed the young steamboat man, who realized in his soul that he belonged here and could prove it if he had a chance. Once he clenched his hard-knuckled hand and measured with his eye the distance from editorial ear to point of literary chin, but realized in time that this pudgy man of letters was no deck-hand and that steamboat methods were out of place here.

Four times more he followed the daily formula, and, at last, on Monday morning, arose early to avoid his landlady. His week was up and his nickels and dimes were gone, but he spent the day as usual, creeping in late at night, blue with the cold and rather dazed at his bad luck, not having eaten all day and not daring to show up at the breakfast table the next morning. For the first time discouragement settled on him, settled suddenly, like some heavy tangible thing, robbing him of hope and redoubling his hunger. He awoke at daylight, roused by the sense of his defeat, tiptoed out while yet the landlady was abed, and spent the day looking for work along the water front; but winter had tied up the shipping, and he failed, as he did at sundry employment agencies where he offered himself in any capacity. At mid-day he wandered into the park, and, finding a sheltered spot, sunned himself as best he could. He picked up the sheets of a wind-scattered paper and read till the chill December afternoon got into his bones and forced him to his feet. The tale of the unidentified girl at the morgue seemed to catch his eye with sinister meaning, and he read the further announcement that she would be buried two days later in the Potter's Field. Perhaps these gripping hunger pains and the frost which bit at him so cruelly might tell a story of which these warm-clad policemen and well-fed reporters had not guessed.

When he stole, shivering, into his bleak bedroom late that night he found a note pinned upon his pillow. Of course the landlady needed her rent—all landladies had similar idiosyncrasies—and of course he would get out in the morning. He was very glad she did not insist upon having the room at once; it gave him sanctuary for one more night at least.

He left his valise behind in the morning, rather lamenting the fact that the old lady could not wear the shirts it contained, and hoping she would realize sufficient from their sale to pay his bill.

It was late afternoon when he commenced his listless tramp toward the newspaper offices. Since Burns had become his pet aversion, he saved him for the last, nursing a few farewell remarks befitting the death of hopes like these, and planning an exit speech marking his departure from the field of letters.

When he finally reached the "Intelligencer" rooms, that gentleman rounded on him angrily.

"Say! Are you here again?"

"I thought you might like some space work—"

"So, you haven't convinced anybody of your superior talents as author, playwright, and journalist, eh?"

"No."

"We're an unfeeling lot, aren't we?" said the fat young man, sarcastically. "No temperament nor appreciation." He laughed noiselessly.

"Give me a job," said Anderson, his voice breaking huskily.

"How long do you intend to bother me?" questioned Burns.

Anderson's cheeks were blue, and the back of his legs were trembling from weakness as he repeated: "Give me a job. I—I won't bother you then. I'll make good."

"You think pretty well of yourself, don't you?"

"If you thought half as well of me as I do," assured Paul, "I'd be your star reporter."

"Star, hell!" ejaculated the editor, testily. "We haven't got such a thing. They don't know they're alive, except on pay-day. Look at this blond girl at the morgue—they've wasted two weeks on that case." He paused suddenly, and then his soft lips spread, showing his sharp white teeth. Assuming a different tone, he continued: "You know, I rather like you."

Anderson. You're such a blamed nuisance. You've half-convinced me that you're all right."

The younger man's hunger, which had given up in despair, raised its head and bit into his vitals sharply.

"I've a notion to give you a chance."

"That's all I want," said the other in a panic. "Just give me a toe-hold; that's all." His voice broke again. Burns wasn't such a bad sort, after all, he meditated; may be he had just been trying him out. The other was still speaking.

"Yes, I'll give you an assignment, a good assignment, too, and if you cover it I'll put you on permanently. I'll do more, I'll pay you what we pay our best man if you make good. That's fair, isn't it?" He smiled benignantly, and the new reporter's wits went capering off in a hysterical stampede. He felt the desire to wring Burns's hand. "All that counts in this office is efficiency," the fat man went on. "When a man delivers the goods we boost him; when he fails we fire him. There's no sentiment here, and I hold my job merely because I'm the best man in the shop, that's all. Can you go to work to-night?"

"Why—why—yes, sir!"

"Very well, I like that. You can take your time and you needn't come back till you bring the story."

"Yes, sir."

"Now pay attention. About two weeks ago," he slowly began, "a blond girl suicided in a Main Street boarding-house. She's down at the morgue now. Find out who she is." He turned back to his desk and began to work.

The hungry youth behind him felt a sudden sinking at the stomach. All at once he became hopelessly empty and friendless, and felt his knees urging him to sit down. He next became conscious that the shoulders of Mr. Burns were shaking a bit as if he had encountered a piece of rare humor. After an instant, when he made no move to go, the man at the desk wheeled again, facing him, and Anderson knew that never before had he observed real mirth upon those bloated features.

"What's the matter?" he giggled. "Don't you want the job? I can't tell you any more about the girl; that's all we know. I leave the rest to you. You'll find out everything, won't you? Yes, yes, I know you will, because you're a good newspaper man. You told me so yourself." He seemed to be strangled with enjoyment.

"Mr. Burns," began the other, "I—I'm up against it. I guess you don't know it, but I'm hungry. I haven't eaten for three days."

At this the editor became apoplectic.

"Oh, yes—yes, I do! You show it in your face. That's why I went out of my way to help you. He! he! he! Now you run out and identify this girl while I finish this proof, then come back and have supper with me at the Press Club." Again he chortled and snickered, at which something sullen and fierce awoke in young Anderson. He knew of a way to get food and a bed and a place to work even if it would only last thirty days, for he judged Burns would yell for the police. And yet, although he would have welcomed prison fare, Paul reasoned, that it would be an incomplete satisfaction to merely mash the pudgy face of Mr. Burns and hear him clamor. He promised himself, however, that some day he would do it and derive an unholy joy from the operation, but this was not the time. What galled him most was the injustice of this heartless baiting of a hungry man, whose only fault was in asking for a chance to try. This suicide case had baffled the pick of Buffalo's trained reporters and had foiled the efforts of her police, yet this fat-paunched fellow gave it over to him, a starving boy of no experience, as a thing to stand or fall by. Of a sudden he became panic-stricken lest the man should see his disappointment and gibe at him further; then, half unconsciously, he heard himself saying:

"Thank you, Mr. Burns. I'll find out who she is."

He crammed his hat down over his ears and walked out with his jaw set stubbornly, while the astonished editor gazed after him, not seeing how tearfully bright the young man's eyes had become.

Anderson's first impulse was to get away, out of sight of this grinning creature and never come back, but he was not the kind who turn tail, and before he had reached the outside door he had decided that it was as well to starve striving as standing still. After all, it was a chance, and therefore, instead of seeking the street, he went straightway to the files of the paper, and, turning back, came to the original story, which he cut out with his penknife, folded up, and placed in his pocket. He went out into the darkness then, and, entering the lobby of a nearby hotel, found a seat near a radiator where he read the clipping carefully.

It was a meager story, but it was free from the confusion and distortions of the later accounts, and that was what he wished for. Late one afternoon, it seemed, the girl had rented a room in a Main Street boarding-house, had eaten supper and retired. At eleven o'clock the next day, when she did not respond to a knock on her door, the room was broken into and she was found dead with an empty morphine bottle on her bureau. There was absolutely no clue as to her identity, and the closest scrutiny failed to discover a mark on her clothes or any personal article which could be traced. There was no luggage save a little hand satchel or shopping bag containing a few coins. One fact only stood out in the whole affair. She had paid for her room with a two-dollar Canadian bill, but this had been followed out with no re-

sult. No one seemed to know the girl. She had walked out of nowhere and disappeared into impetrable mystery.

It would seem that there is no human creature so humble as to have no relatives or friends or acquaintances. But the description of this girl had been blazoned in the papers of every large city, pasted in countless country post-offices, and flashed to the police in every city of the States and Canada, yet it was as if she had been born from the winter wind on that evening two weeks before. The country at large had been dragged by the net of publicity, that wonderful, fine-meshed thing which no living man is small or shrewd enough to penetrate, and still the sad white face at the morgue smiled mystically out from its halo of gold as if in gentle mockery.

For a long time the starving lad sat staring into the realms of speculation, his cheeks feverish and hollow, his lips drawn with the battle he had waged. His power of exclusion was strong, and he lost himself to all about him, but gradually returned, and realized the satire of this thing; that he, the weakest and most hopelessly handicapped of all the men who had tried, should be set to this task, with starvation as the fruit of his failure.

He noticed that it had begun to snow outside. In the lobby it was bright and vivid and warm with jostling life, while the music of a stringed orchestra

somewhere back of him was calling well-dressed men and women in to dinner. All of them seemed happy and hopeful. He noted furthermore that three days without food made him cold, even here, and strangely unreal and light-headed. The north wind had bitten him cruelly as he entered, and now as he peered out the night seemed to hold other



Only a beautiful, silent girl, tired out and resting

lurking horrors besides. His want was like an oppressive burden, and he shuddered weakly, fearing to venture forth where the wind and this new thing could harry him. He longed to rest in here where there was warmth and laughter and life, but he rose and slunk shivering out into the darkness and headed toward the morgue.

Meanwhile a slack-jawed editor sat at supper with some friends at the Press Club, eating heartily and drinking, as befits the custom of newspaper men let down for a moment from the strain of their work. He had been telling them a story, and his caustic humor had amused them hugely. It is well to laugh when one is warm and well fed, and besides, this was a joke they could all appreciate, for each and every one of them had puzzled and thought and wasted baffling hours on this girl with the golden hair.

"I guess I finally put a crimp in him," giggled Mr. Burns. "He's a blamed sight too talented for my work."

"The city morgue on a night like this is a pretty tough place for a hungry man," said one of the listeners. "It's none too cheerful in the daytime."

"Thank Heaven, he won't bother us any more," remarked the editor of the "Express," and Burns shook and wobbled in his chair at their appreciation of his humor.

Young Anderson had never seen a morgue, and his dread of it was childlike, owing to his condition. It seemed as if this charnel house harbored some grisly Thing which stood between him and food and warmth and hope, and the nearer he drew to it the greater grew his dread.

A discourteous man, hunched up in front of a glowing stove, as if shrunk from the chill of the place, greeted him sourly.

"Out into that courtyard, turn to the left—the second floor," he directed. "She's in the third compartment."

Anderson could not summon courage to ask him to come along, but stumbled out into the snow-filled areaway, lighted by a swinging incandescent which danced to the swirling eddies.

Compartment! He supposed bodies were kept upon slabs or tables, or something like that, and had steeled himself to see rows of unspeakable sights played upon by dripping water. He recalled vague memories of such things from detective stories he had read.

The second door opened into a room colder than the night outside, the temperature of which he half consciously realized was artificial. He was relieved to note that the place was bare except for a sort of car or truck which ran on a track close to the walls and past doors which evidently opened into the compartments alluded to by the keeper.

Which compartment had the man said? Paul abruptly discovered that he was rattled, immensely rattled, and turned back with thumping heart to ask again, then paused and took a grip upon himself.

"Now! Now!" he exclaimed aloud. "You're a bum reporter, my boy," and after an instant laid hold of the first door, jerking it open.

For what seemed a full minute he stared into the cavern, as if petrified, then closed it softly, the sweat starting on him. He found himself alone in the great room shivering and unmanned. Good God! This was newspaper training indeed.

He remembered reading, a few days past, of an Italian laborer crushed by a falling column. To one unaccustomed to death, this object, head on in the half-dark of that compartment, was a trying sight, and he lost all remembrance of the attendant's directions, wondering the while if it were really cold in here or stiflingly hot.

He ground his teeth and flung open the next door, slamming it hurriedly to blot out what it displayed. Why didn't they keep them covered? Why didn't they show a card outside—or something? Must he be afflicted

by every grisly sight upon these shelves?

He stepped to the third door and wrenched it open. Ah! He knew her at once by the wealth of yellow hair, and the beauty of that still, white face. There was no horror here, no ghastly sight to weaken his muscles and sicken his faint stomach; only a beautiful, silent girl, tired out and resting. He felt a great pity as he wheeled the truck opposite the door and reverently drew out the slab on which she slept. He gazed on her intently for some time. She was not at all as he had pictured her, and yet there could be no mistake. He took the printed description from his pocket and reread it carefully, comparing it point by point, and when he had finished he found that it was a composite word photograph, like and yet unlike, so lacking in character that no one knowing the original intimately could have recognized her from it.

So that was why no word had come in answer to all this publicity. After all, this case might not be so difficult as it had seemed, and for the first time hope began to make itself felt in the disheartened youth. He began to formulate a plan.

Hurriedly he fumbled for his note-book, and there, in that house of death, he wrote a two-hundred word description, his paper propped against the wall; a description so photographic that to this day it is preserved in the Buffalo Police Department as a perfect model.

He replaced the girl in her resting-place and went out. There was no chill in him now, no stumbling, nor weakness of any sort. He had found a starting-point, had uncovered what all those trained newspaper men had missed, and felt that he had a chance to win.

Twenty minutes later Burns, who had just come in from supper, turned back from his desk with annoyance and challenge in his little narrow eyes.

"Well?"

"I think I've got her, Mr. Burns."

"Nonsense!"

"I've got a description that her father or her mother or her friends can recognize, anyhow. The one you and the other papers printed disguised her so that nobody could tell who she was—it might have covered a hundred girls."

Rapidly Paul read the two descriptions, and, without noting the glowing glare in the editor's eyes, continued breathlessly:

"All we have to do is print ten or twenty thousand of these and mail them out with the morning edition—separate sheets, poster effect—so they can be nailed up in every post-office within two hundred miles. Send some to the police of all the cities, and we'll have a flash in twenty-four hours."

Burns made no comment save to look the young man over angrily from his eager face to his unblackened shoes, but the pause and the stare told volumes to Anderson, whose voice became querulous as he demanded:

"Why? Why not? I tell you this description isn't right. It—it's nothing like her, nothing at all."

"Say! I thought I'd seen the last of you," the corpulent man observed. "I had your number from the start, and tied a can on you to get rid of you. Aren't you on yet?"

"Do you—mean that your talk this evening don't go?" demanded Paul, quietly. "That you won't give me even the chance you promised?"

"No!" stormed the other. "What I said goes, all right, and I'll make good if you do, but I told you to identify this girl. I won't help you. We want stories in this office. We don't care who or what this girl is unless there's a story in it. We're not running a lithograph business and I'm no bill-sticker. Nor do I intend to run a mail-order business to identify strange females and give you a job. Don't you know that no two men could write the same description of anybody or anything? I send you out to find something, and you rush in to tell me this girl's hair is burnished gold instead of raw gold, and her eyes are bluish gray instead of grayish blue. Bah!"

"But I tell you—"

"What's her name? Where does she live? What killed her? That's what I want you to get. I'd look fine, wouldn't I, printing circulars advertising a dead story? The other boys would hand me a great laugh. No, Mr. Anderson, author, artist, and playwright, I'm getting damned tired of you."

It was anger which cut short the younger man's retort. So it was such trivial things as petty economy and fear of ridicule which made this editor refuse to relieve some withered old woman, some bent and worried old man who might be waiting, waiting, waiting in some forgotten village. Because there might not be a story in it this girl would go to the Potter's Field and her people would never know. And yet they would know. By the Lord Harry, there was a story back of this, and Paul Anderson swore to get it, therefore he swallowed his chagrin, and disregarding the insult to himself, replied:

"Very well, I'll identify her myself."

"Humph!" grunted Burns, viciously.

"I don't know how I'll do it, but I will," and for the second time he left Mr. Burns, angry and incoherent.

II

PAUL ANDERSON walked straight to his boarding-house and bearded his landlady in her bedroom.

"I've got a job," said he.

"I'm very glad," said the lady, with meaning; "I feared you were going to leave the house."

"Yes!" he declared, with assumed brightness. "I've got a job all right, with the highest salary on the paper."

This affected his hostess so visibly that he sought to continue her enjoyment. "You remember the yellow-haired girl who killed herself a while ago?" he asked.

"Yes! Indeed I do. Everybody knows about that."

"Well, the mystery got too tough for the police and the other reporters so they turned it over to me. That's my specialty. Oh, it's a bully assignment. Now, I'm starved, I wish you'd rustle me some grub."

"But, Mr. Anderson, your bill for this week? You know I get paid in—"

"Tut, tut! You certainly must know newspaper customs. They don't pay in advance and I can't pay you until they pay me. You'll only have to wait until Saturday, three days; I'll have this thing cleared up by then. Why, you don't appreciate, you can't appreciate, what a corking assignment this is."

He had a peculiarly en-



"You dirty rat! If you ever open your face to me or to anybody else when I'm in hearing distance, I'll brain you!"

gaging smile, a boyish smile, which seemed to take the lady into his most secret confidence, and five minutes later he was wrecking the pantry of all the edibles his fellow boarders had earlier overlooked, while the lady herself puttered about busily and confessed to him that she hoped to get out of the boarding-house business some time.

A good night's sleep and a hearty breakfast put him in fine fettle, and about ten o'clock he sought out a certain rooming house on Main Street, the number of which he obtained from the clipping in his pocket.

A girl answered his ring, but at sight of him half shut the door, exclaiming hurriedly:

"Mrs. Macdougall is out and you can't come in."

"But I want to talk to you."

"No," she declared through the crack, "we won't see any more reporters."

A slight Scotch accent gave Anderson his cue.

"Then you must be her daughter. I'm Scotch myself on my mother's side." He smiled his boarding-house smile, and her eyes twinkled back at him in spite of herself. "Didn't she tell you I was coming?"

"Why, no, sir; aren't you a reporter?"

"Certainly not. I'm an engineer. I came up to look at that room."

"What room?" questioned the girl, oddly. "We haven't any vacant rooms."

"Well, well! That's queer," said Anderson. "Your mother must have been mistaken."

The door slowly opened.

"Maybe she meant the one on the second floor."

"That's the one," the young man declared promptly, and an instant later was following his guide upstairs.

He recognized the apartment at a glance from its description, but the girl said nothing of the tragedy which had occurred therein, and he proceeded to talk with her as engagingly as he could, prolonging his stay to the utmost and using his eyes to the best advantage possible. He invented an elaborate Scotch ancestry which ran backward through the pages of

"Scottish Chiefs," the only book of the sort he had ever read, and by the time they had returned to the lower hall the girl was chatting as if to an old acquaintance.

"I'll take the room," he said, "and I'm pleased to get it. I don't see how such a good one stands vacant."

There was an instant's pause before his companion answered.

"Well, I suppose you'll find it out sooner or later, so I might as well tell you. That's where the yellow-haired girl you hear so much about killed herself. I hope it won't make any difference to you, Mr. Gregor."

"Certainly not," said the new-born Gregor. "I read about the case. Canadian, wasn't she?"

"Oh, yes! There's no doubt about that. She paid her rent with a Canadian bill, and, besides, I noticed her accent. I didn't tell the reporters, however, they're such a fresh lot."

He had established one thing, at least, thought Anderson; something which the others had not, owing to the fact that Canadian money in Buffalo was too common to afford comment or warrant a definite conclusion.

"The papers had it that she was some wealthy girl," ran on the daughter of the house, "but I know better."

"Why?" The question came like a shot.

"Her hands! They were firm and strong, and she used them as if she knew what they were made for."

"Anything else?"

"No. She seemed very sad and didn't say much."

Anderson questioned the girl as best he could, but discovered nothing further, so he left shortly, declaring earnestly that he would move into the room on the following day.

He went directly to the morgue and examined the body again, confining his attention to the hands this time. The right showed nothing upon which to found a theory, save that it was indeed a capable hand with smooth skin and well-tended nails, but upon examining the left he exclaimed eagerly. Near the ends of the thumb and first finger the skin was rough and slightly abraded, while there were numerous tiny black spots beneath the skin, which, upon more careful scrutiny, proved to be microscopic blood blisters.

For a long time he puzzled over this inexplicable thing, so infinitesimal as to have escaped all previous observers, but he could find no explanation for it, and so repaired to the office of the attendant, where he asked for the girl's clothes, receiving a small bundle.

"Where's the rest?" he demanded.

"That's all she had," said the man.

"No baggage at all?"

"Not a thing but what she stood up in. The coroner has her jewelry and things of that sort."

Anderson examined the contents of the bundle with the utmost care, but found no mark of any sort. The garments, though inexpensive, were beautifully neat and clean, and displayed the most marvelous examples of needlework he had ever seen. Among the effects was a plush muff, out of which, as he picked it up, fell a pair of little knitted mittens—or was there a pair after all? Finding but the one, he shook the muff again, then looked through the other things.

"Where's the other mitten?" he inquired.

"There ain't been but the one," said the attendant.

"Are you sure?"

"See here, do you think I'm trying to hold out a yarn mitten on you? I say there ain't been but the one. I was here when she came, and I know."

Discouraged by the absolute lack of clues which this place offered, Anderson went next to the coroner's office. The City Hall newspaper squad had desks in this place, but he paid no attention to them, going straight to the wicket and asking for the effects of the dead girl.

It seemed that Burns had spread his story broadcast, for Paul heard his name mentioned, and then some one snickered, but he paid no attention, for the clerk handed him a small leather bag or purse, together with a morphine bottle about the size and shape of an ordinary vaseline bottle. The bag was cheap and bore no maker's name nor mark, but inside was a brooch, a ring, a silver chain, and a slip of paper. Also, stuck to the bottom of the reticule, was a small key. He came near overlooking the last-named article, for it was well hidden in a fold near the corner. However, a key to an unknown lock is not much to go on, so he gave his attention

to the paper. It was evidently a scrap torn from a sheet of wrapping paper, and bore these figures in pencil:

9.25
6.25
3.00

While he was looking at it, Paul heard a reporter behind him say loudly: "Now that I have written the papers, who will take them?" and another answer: "I will."

"Who are you?" inquired the first voice.

"Hawshaw, the Detective."

Anderson's cheeks flushed, but he returned the bag and its contents and walked out, unheeding the laughter of the six reporters and the coroner's clerks. The injustice of this ridicule burned him like a branding iron. These fellows had done their best and failed, yet they jeered at him, a broken boy who was starving yesterday, simply because he was trying. They had taken the trail when it was hot and had lost it; now they railed when he took it cold.

All that afternoon he tramped the streets, thinking, thinking, till his brain went stale. The only fresh things he had discovered so far were the marks on finger and thumb, the fact that the girl was a Canadian, and that she had but one mitten instead of two. This last, for obvious reasons, was too trivial to mean anything, and yet in so obscure a case it could not be ignored. The fact that she was a Canadian helped but little, therefore the only starting-point seemed to be those black spots on the left hand. But they stumped him absolutely.

He altered his mental approach to the subject and reflected upon her belongings. As a whole, they showed nothing save that the girl was poor; therefore he took them up one by one. First, clothes. These afforded nothing further than the original premise. Second, the purse. It was one of a million, and showed no mark or peculiarity. Third, the jewelry. It was cheap and common, to be found in any store. Fourth, the morphine bottle. He dismissed that instantly, which left nothing but the scrap of paper, torn from the corner of a large sheet and containing these penciled figures:

9.25
6.25
3.00

That appeared to be a simple sum in subtraction, a very simple sum indeed; too simple, as Anderson pondered over it, for any one to reduce to figures unless intended for a purpose. He recalled the face at the morgue, and vowed that such a girl could have done the sum mentally. Then why the paper? Why had she taken pains to tear off a piece of wrapping paper, jot down the figures, and preserve them in her purse? To be methodical, something answered. But, reasoned he, if she had been sufficiently methodical to note a trivial transaction so carefully, she would have been sufficiently methodical to have used some more methodical method. She would not have torn off a corner of thick wrapping paper upon which to keep books. There was but one answer: memorandum!

All right, memorandum it was, for the time being. Now, in what business could she have been engaged where it was necessary to keep memoranda of such considerable sums? Oh, Lord! There were a million! He had been walking on thin ice from the start, and now it gave way entirely, so he abandoned this train of thought and went back to her clothes again, reviewing them carefully. Surely they would tell something, and yet all they had afforded was an impression of neatness and care. They were modest, and still, from their cut, he fancied the girl had looked exceedingly well in them, even modish. She had spent much time on them evidently, as attested by the beautiful needlework, but there Anderson's mind ran out on to thin ice again, at which he reverted to the girl herself for the Nth time. She was Canadian, her hands were useful, there were tiny blood blisters on the left thumb and index finger, and the skin was roughened and torn minutely, evidently by some sharp instrument. What instrument? He answered it almost before it had occurred to him—a needle, of course.

Paul stopped in his walk so abruptly that a man poked him in the back with a ladder, but he paid no heed, for his mind was leaping. That thickening of the skin, those tiny scratches, those blood blisters, those garments without mark of maker, yet so stylish in cut and so carefully made, and, furthermore, that memorandum:

9.25
6.25
3.00

"Dressmaker!" said Anderson, out loud. He rea-

soned it over and over, and would have wagered his own clothes that he was right and that the figures represented some trifling purchase or commission for a customer.

It followed naturally that she was not a Buffalo dressmaker, else she would have been identified long since; nor was it likely that she came from any city, for her clothes had not given him that impression, and, likewise, the publicity given to the case through the press, even allowing that the printed description had been vague, would have been apt to uncover her identity. Ergo, she was a Canadian country seamstress.

The young man's mind went back a few years to his boyhood on a Michigan farm, where just such dressmakers used to come and stay by the week to make his mother's clothes. His first remembrance was of a little flat trunk which invariably came along, and which was filled with patterns, yardsticks, forms, and other paraphernalia of the trade. He recalled that the owners used to buy the cloths and materials at the country stores and render a strict accounting therefor to his mother. Where was this girl's trunk?

The question of baggage had puzzled Paul from the start. Had the girl been possessed of a grip or bundle of any kind when found it would have been answered. But there was absolutely nothing of the sort. Her complete lack of luggage had made him doubt, at first, that she was an out-of-town visitor, but, following out his recent conclusions, he decided that her baggage must have consisted solely of a trunk, and that she had no small pieces, else she would have taken one of them, at least, with her to the Main Street rooming-house. Surely she had brought some baggage with her from the country; people don't travel from Canada with empty purses and empty hands; but, if so, where was it? How find it?

This question seemed harder to solve than any hitherto, and Paul shivered as the raw lake wind searched through his clothes. He wondered if it had been as cold as this when the girl arrived in Buffalo. Yes, assuredly. Then why did



He lifted the lid

she go out with only one mitten? His reason told him that the other one had been lost by the police; and yet they were a careful set. They had saved every other thing, even to a brooch and pin and scrap of paper. Then, probably, the girl herself had lost it. But country dressmakers are likewise careful, and are not given to losing mittens in cold weather. It was more reasonable to think she had mislaid it among her belongings; and inasmuch as those belongings, according to his previous logic, consisted simply of a trunk, the mitten would be found among its contents. After all, was there really a trunk?

Like a flash of white light came the recollection of that key stuck to the bottom of the girl's leather purse at the coroner's office. A half-hour later Paul was at the City Hall again.

For a second time he was greeted with laughter by the reportorial squad, but paid no heed.

"Why, you saw those things not two hours ago," said the coroner's clerk in answer to his inquiry.

"I want to see them again."

"Well, I'm busy. You've had them once, that's enough."

"Friend," said Anderson, quietly, "I want those things and I want them quick. You give them to me or I'll go to the proper source and get them—and get your job along with them."

The fellow obeyed reluctantly, and, picking the key loose, Paul examined it closely. As he did so, one of the reporters behind him said:

"Aha! At last he has the key to the mystery."

Their laughter ceased abruptly as their victim thrust the key into his pocket and advanced threateningly toward the speaker, his face white with rage. As he came, the young fellow arose and braced for an attack, but Paul's hand darted out, slipped itself around the back of his neck, and jerked the man forward with a rush. Paul turned his head, and the newspaper man bumped violently into him; then, before that one could recover or set himself, he took advantage of the recoil and thrust the reporter away from him with all his strength. It was a rapid and unexpected move, and the lighter fellow brought up against the wall with a hollow thump, shaken and confused. Anderson pinned him there with a stiff-fingered thrust, and growled into his face:

"You dirty rat! If you ever open your face to me or to anybody else when I'm in hearing distance, I'll brain you. Yes, and that goes for all of you." He took in the other five with his reddened eyes. "When you see me coming, you shut up. Understand?"

His thick body was so taut, his mouth had such a wicked twist to it, that they understood and began to grin in a sickly, embarrassed fashion, whereupon he reseated the original speaker in his chair with such violence that a caster broke, then strode out.

For the next few hours he glowered and cursed and fought himself in impotent anger as he tramped the streets, striving to master himself, for this episode had so upset him that he could not concentrate his mind upon the subject in hand, and when he did his former conclusions seemed grotesquely fanciful and far-fetched. It was all the more annoying because on the morrow the girl was to be buried, and he saw the precious hours slipping past him as he tried and tried to attain that abstract, subconscious mood through which he could reason clearly.

"Where is the trunk? Where is the trunk? Where is the trunk?" he questioned tirelessly. He rather doubted that it lay in some boarding-house, for had the girl disappeared from such a place, leaving it behind, some flash would have come on the tail of all this publicity. It might be lying in the baggage-room of some hotel, to be sure, but he doubted that also, for the same reason. The girl had been poor, hence it was unlikely that she would have gone to any first-class caravansary. He could not examine all the baggage in all the hotels and boarding-houses of a great city—that was evident. Of course there were cheap places by the score, but he could not picture her in any such place, hence it seemed likely that the trunk might be in some railroad station. It was a long chance, but he was playing for desperate stakes.

She had come from Canada, therefore Anderson went to the Grand Trunk Railway depot and asked for the baggage master. He would try the other roads later.

A raw-boned Irishman came toward him through the confusion, and of a sudden Paul realized the necessity of even greater diplomacy now than he had used with the Scotch girl.

"Are you a married man?" he inquired abruptly.

"G'wan! I thought ye wanted a baggage man, not a married man," the big fellow replied.

"Don't kid me, this is important."

"Shure I am, but I don't want no insurance. I took the chance and I'm game."

"Have you any daughters?"

"Two of them, full grown."

"Suppose one of them disappeared suddenly?"

The baggage man seized Anderson by the shoulder.

"For the love o' God, what's happened?"

"Nothing has happened to your girls, but—"

"Then what in hell—"

"Wait! I had to throw a little scare into you so you'd understand what I'm going to ask. Suppose one of your girls lay dead and unidentified in the morgue of a strange city and was about to be buried in the Potter's Field, you'd want to know it, wouldn't you?"

"Are ye daft, boy, or has something really happened?"

"No, no, no! Listen! You'd want your girl or

any girl like her to have a decent burial, and you'd want her mother to know how she came to such a pass, wouldn't you?"

"I would that."

"Then you've got to help me." Paul told the man his story, freely, earnestly, and rapidly, painting the picture of a shy, lonely girl, homeless, hopeless, and despondent in the roar of a great city, then the picture of two old people waiting, waiting in some hidden farmhouse, sick at heart and uncertain, seeing their daughter's face in the firelight, hearing her sigh in the night wind. He told the story in homely words that left the big fellow's face grave, then recounted how Burns in a cruel jest had sent out a starving boy on this hopeless quest—and told what success meant to that boy. When he had done his listener said warmly:

"It's a mean trick, me boy, but if I can help ye, tell me how."

"I want you to go through your baggage room with me till we find a trunk which this key will fit."

"Come on with ye," and the baggage master led him into a room piled high with trunks, explaining: "I ain't go no license to do this, understand, because it's up to the station master, but he's a grouchy devil, and he'd trun ye down, if ye asked him." He summoned two helpers and the four fell to.

"We'll move every dam' wan of them till we fit your little key," he declared.

It bid fair to be a job of hours, so Paul walked down the runway between the piles, scrutinizing as he went. At least he would know certain trunks which could not be the one he sought, and thus he might shorten the search by elimination. He remembered the sort of trunk he had seen on the Michigan farm.

Half-way down the row he called sharply to the smashers:

"Come here, quick!" and at his tone they came running. "Look, that one in the bottom row!"

He did not recognize his own voice, for wedged far underneath the pile was a little, flat, battered tin trunk, pathetically old-fashioned and out of place against its neighbors; the kind of a trunk he had seen in his mother's front room on the farm. It was bound about and tied clumsily with a bit of rope.

His excitement infected the others, and all three of them fell upon the pile, handling the topmost trunks with utter disregard of damage. Anderson's suspense was choking him, and he began to shiver with a strange dread. What if this were not the one? And yet, what if it were? He pictured what it would display, if the key that he clutched in his cold palm did unlock it, a collection of forms, hangers, patterns, yardsticks, a tape-measure, and somewhere in it a little black yarn mitten. He prayed blindly for courage to withstand disappointment.

"There she is," panted the baggage master, dragging it out into the clear, while the other two crowded closer. "Come on, lad, what are ye waitin' for?"

Anderson knelt before the little battered thing and inserted the key. It was the intensest instant he had ever lived. He turned it firmly, then was on his feet, cold and calm, his blue eyes glittering.

"Cut those ropes. Quick!"

The man at his side whipped out a knife and slashed twice.

"Come close, men, and remember everything we find. You may have to testify."

He lifted the lid. On the top of the shallow tray lay a little black yarn mitten. Its mate was in the city morgue.

Anderson heard the other men breathing at his ears, and smiled back at them.

"That's it," he said, simply, and the tall Irishman laid a gentle hand on his shoulder, saying:

"Go ahead, boy."

He opened the till, displaying a dressmaker's paraphernalia, forms, hangers, patterns, yardsticks, and a tape-measure. In the compartment underneath were some neatly folded clothes, the needlework of which was fine, while in one corner were some letters which Anderson examined with trembling fingers. They were addressed to "Miss Mabel Wilkes, Highland, Ontario, Canada, care of Captain Wilkes."

The young man replaced them carefully, closed and locked the trunk, then thanked his companions.

"If I had a dollar in the world, I'd ask you boys to have a drink, but I'm broke," said he; then began to laugh foolishly, hysterically, till the raw-boned man clapped him on the back again.

"Straighten up, lad, ye've been strained a bit too hard. I'll telephone for the cops."

In an instant Paul was himself.

"No, no! Holy Mackinaw! You'll spoil the whole thing. I've worked this out all alone, and if the police hear of it they'll notify all the papers and I'll have no 'beat' at all. I'll be hungry again."

The other swore fervently:

"I forgot that fat-headed devil of an editor. You

say the word and nobody won't know nothin' from us; hey, boys?"

"Sure not," the other two agreed heartily; for this lad was one of their kind, who was up against it and fighting for his own, but Paul had been seized with a terror lest his story might get away from him, hence bade them good-by and hurried uptown, his feet refusing to carry him swiftly enough.

Burns greeted him sourly as he came in. It was not yet twenty-four hours since he had left the office, with instructions not to return.

"I heard about your assaulting Wells down at the City Hall. Don't try it on me or I'll have you pinched."

"Don't worry," laughed Paul; "I don't have to fight for my rights any more."

"Oh, indeed!"

sneered the editor. "I suppose you've found out who that girl is and have come to claim your reward."

"Yes, sir."



"You're fired!"

"What!" Burns's jaw dropped limply.

"Yes, sir! I've identified her." The fat man stared at the speaker for an instant, and for the first time Paul saw in his eyes something other than mirth and disdain. He pulled himself together quickly, however.

"Don't try any tricks on me," he articulated warningly.

"Her name is Mabel Wilkes. She is the daughter of Captain Wilkes of Highland, Ontario. She was a country dressmaker and lived with her people at that place. Her trunk is down at the Grand Trunk depot with the rest of her clothes in it, together with the mate to the mitten she had when she killed herself. I went through it with the baggage master, name, Corrigan. Here's the key which I got from her purse at the Coroner's office."

Burns fixed his astonished eyes on the key, then shifted them slowly to Anderson's face.

"Why—why—it's amazing! I—I—" he cleared his throat nervously. "How did you discover all this? Who told you?"

"Nobody told me. I reasoned it out."

"But how—"

"I'm a good newspaper man, that's how I did it. May be you'll believe me now."

Burns made no answer. Instead, he pushed a button and Wells of the City Hall squad entered, pausing abruptly at sight of Anderson. Giving him no time for words, the editor began his instructions. On the instant he was the trained newspaper man again, cheating the clock dial and trimming minutes, his words sharp and decisive.

"That suicide story has broken big, and we've got a scoop. Anderson has identified her. Take the first G. T. train for Highland, Ontario, and find her father, Captain Wilkes. Wire me a full story about the girl Mabel, private life, history, everything. Take plenty of space, but have it here by midnight."

Wells's amazed eyes were glued upon Paul with a hypnotic stare, as he answered: "Yes, sir!" And he was not grinning this time.

"Now, Anderson," continued their superior, "get downstairs and write that story. Throw it on thick—it's a corker."

"All right, sir, but I'd like a little money," answered that elated youth. "Just slip me fifty, will you?"

"I'll send a check right down to you, but get at that story," and Anderson got. That check meant that he had indeed made good, that he was a newspaper man at last, and that Burns would keep his promise.

Paul found a desk and began to write feverishly. A half-hour later he read what he had written and tore it up.

In an hour he did the same thing again. Three times he wrote the tale and destroyed it, then paused blankly.

It was an impossible thing as a newspaper story! Every atom of interest surrounding it grew out of his own mental processes in solving the mystery. Nothing had happened, no new clues had been uncovered, no strangers had been implicated. It was a tale of Paul Anderson's deductions, pure and simple, and had no newspaper value. He found he had written about himself instead of the girl.

He commenced again, this time laboriously eliminating himself, and when he had finished it was probably the poorest journalist story ever written, being merely a bald and colorless tale of a homeless, hopeless country girl in a large city; an uninteresting narrative of despondency and suicide.

It was with lagging feet that he bore it up to Burns's office, but the editor gave him no time for explanations, demanding fiercely:

"Give me that check I sent you!"

"Sure," said the youth, handing it to him. "Make a mistake?"

"I certainly did, but not in the check." Burns tore it up before he said: "Now you get out, and stay out of this building, or take the consequences."

"Get out," said the young man, now thoroughly alarmed. "What for?"

"Oh, you know as well as I do. You ran a good bluff and you nearly put it over, but I don't want to advertise myself as a jack-ass, so I won't make any legal complaint against you unless you keep hanging around here!"

"Well, I intend to hang around here every day. I don't understand you."

"I had an idea you were four-flushing," stormed Burns, "so I went down to the G. T. depot myself. There's no trunk of the sort there and Corrigan never saw you or anybody like you. Why didn't you walk out when you got that check? What made you come back?"

Anderson commenced to laugh softly.

"Say! Corrigan's all right, isn't he? He gets half of that check when you rewrite it if I don't laugh myself to death before I cash it."

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded Burns, impressed by the other's confidence.

"Nothing, except I've found one square guy in this village. One real, disinterested, square man is a pretty big percentage of honesty for a town the size of Buffalo. Put on your coat and come with me—yes, and bring a couple of hired men along with you if it will make you feel better."

At the depot he called the baggage master aside and said:

"Mr. Corrigan, this is Mr. Burns, the city editor of the 'Intelligencer.'"

"Shure, that's what he told me an hour ago," grinned the Irishman, ignoring the young fellow's superior, "but you didn't give him no references, and I didn't like his looks, so I trun him out."

Burns made no answer, nor did he exploit the art of repartee, either while Anderson displayed the contents of the trunk, or while on the way back to the office. Instead he maintained an undignified silence till he was reseated at his desk and had read Anderson's copy. Then he spoke.

"This is the rottenest story ever turned in at this office."

(Continued on page 24)

SAN FRANCISCO, October 18, 1908

To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY who offer prize to letter-writer what can tell storey of best Drunk and can prove it,

HON. DEAR:—

IN OUR town resides many Saloons; and when you have saw them all you will be surprise to find there is several more just around corner. Many of them Saloons can be told apart by looking at them. Some of them is paint bright & goddy color of a automobiles with screeches at doors where they are red & purpal. Drunkerds what see that mad-colored outside must go inside & forget it. And when they are inside they must stay there long time for nervous collapse. When they are inside they can't not see the outside—and in such a state who knows what?

Some Saloons is managed with entire plate-glass and completely wooden polish all over it to make deceptive resemblance of First National Bank, so that refined drunkerds can go there with a stock-broke feeling. Such Saloons require a paying teller to do bar-keeping and be pretty civilized, thank you. Them palaces is incomplete if they ain't got over Hon. Bar a horbly artistick oily-paint portrait of Mrs. Venus the way she looked when Hon. Columbus discovered her. She got a hansom gilt frame around her and nothing else. All them portraits cost \$10,000 apiece, because Hon. Barkeep say so.

All Saloons has got a phonograf with exception of Hotels which has a orchestra. Americans which wishes to become drunk in silence must join a Club. Hon. Strunsky, Irish salooner, make his phonograf play "I Am Long about My Old Contucky Home" because he wish to serve sweetheart influences with his beer; but Hon. Sheehan on opp. corner make his phonograf play "Happy Widow Waltz" and "We Won't Go Home in the Darkness" because he say drunkerds often gets stingy & reforms when they hears homesick musick. Hon. Strunsky say they drink to drown trouble, Hon. Sheehan say they drink to cause it. Both are good ways to know.

TUESDAY Hon. Strunsky, Irish salooner, give me temporal job of work to help persons get drunk by doing so. I am now not there as usual. But I learn how-do while I was. In salooning whisky-drunk are applied to them for price \$.10 and beer-drunk for price \$.05 each goblet. Green persons unacquainted with salooning have suppose it would be cheaper for drink beer @ \$.05 for one long quench when whisky cost twict as much for 1 tinty small splatter of. But such is truthless. One (1) small jounce from whisky contain 2 or 3 times more vixen as a grown-up gobble full of beer. Howeverly, iced drunkerds perfers beer because of pleased trickle.

I are not permitted to sell it to them thirsts, because I are not sufficiently intelligent; so I must rubb glaswares & mop to floor, also become attentive to Hon. Phonograf which require 68 wind-up with squeek about "Old Contucky Home" which please G. W. McCann, prominent Drunk, till he weep because it sound human. I am seriously worked to keep this job; and yet I am entirely educational about all intoxicants when doing so.

"There is some good salooners and some bad," say letter-writer to COLLIER WEEKLY. I have sneeked farly & wide with gum-slippers, but am disabled to find such a bad salooner. Whenever I speek uply to a salooner for question, "Are you such a bad salooner?" he answer for reply, "Ah, no! I are an entirely good kind."

"Ain't they no such things as Bad Salooners?" I ask Hon. Strunsky for query.

"They are some such," he say for chased expression, "but they are horbly difficult to discover."

Hon. Strunsky are a very nice variety of Good Salooner. He acknowledj it

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

XXXIX—The Saloon in Our Town

By HASHIMURA TOGO

himself. G. W. McCann say Hon. Strunsky have a heart like a water-melon. I noticed it. It are large, but often deliciously iced. He are a sweet & liberal man to all persons what got sufficient cash-money to pay for it. When the poor calls to the bar of Strunsky for loan of money he seldom turn them off with empty grouch. The safe of Hon. Strunsky is full of watches, stuck-pins, repaired clothing, deed of house & lott, and other hardware what

entitled to occasional rebates," he betray.

So I give him considerable goblet of and interview him for temperance movement.

"Why do men drink alcohol?" are first question I make.

"Because they can not eat it," are relapse for him.

"Do whisky-booz do harmful injury to interior when took in excess?" I repent.

"We cross the bar at different places," he report, "but we all come out in the same boat."

"You regret downly path you took?" I ask it.

"I got no regret, thank you," he reject. "With another drink I could beat the world."

So he go home and beat his wife, as usual.

IN night-time I burst soda-syfen to mirror of Strunsky saloon, so I decide to be a temperance Japanese & resign before discovery & kick. So I go back to my bedstead at Patriots of Japan Board & Lodging where I find O-Fido who make joy-signal to me by snubbed tail. He are merely a doggly pup who ain't got no soul to skare with Demon Rums, etc. He ain't got no ambition & are fond of milk. He imagine Hashimura Togo are Emperor of Japan, I suppose. I permit him to be deceived.

I remove off my shoes for comfort & took down book of Rubbert Burn, famous Scotch, for read it. I study them soft musick about "Flow gentle, sweet Afton"—and then I think how people say-so that he were most greatest Poet when most drunk. Maybe-so he were; but I never seen no drunks act that way around saloon of Hon. Strunsky.

When—of suddenly!—come rap-tap at door. And inwards arrive Bunkio Saguchi, fly-away Japanese, with jaggly expression of one who has.

"I wish to give banzai to entire human race to include Nick, Zar of Russia, who are merely a mistake," gollup Bunkio. "I wish to telegraf happy greet to all politicians in & out of office to include Col. Guffey, who—"

He make set-down to floor because he think it was a chair.

"You are in a toxic condition," I dib frownly.

"Many persons are most intelligent when so," he motter.

"Many persons are least so," I flap back.

"General Grant, great leader, enjoyed spells of drunk," say Bunkio for argument.

"Alexander the Great enjoyed allepep-tick fits," I smoke up, "yet every person what takes a spasm cannot conker new worlds."

"Manny a battles has been won by gin-wine," rasp that jaggly boy.

"Battle of Mukden were not," I dib.

"In them battle Japanese was full of banzai, Russians was full of vodka. To-morrow when you are calm some brite Japanese Schoolboy will told you who won them famous target-practice."

I put him in my bedstead & took under covers for wet towel on brow. Soonly he enjoy tear-drop of eye & say he was cris-crossed in love; then he make good-night for eye-brows.

Me & O-Fido go take walk & forget such scenery. At Oisoya Hotel, Pine St. near Kerney, I see several Japanese Schoolboys doing a conversation.

"To-night I are a Aunty Saloon Leg," I say-it by virtuous chest. "But to-morrow I may feel better & enjoy slight beer ceremony."

"Would America be more better without no saloons?" require Uncle Nichi who was there.

"Perhapsly," I snuggest. "Hon. Rev. Chillworthy say, 'If there was no Drunks there wouldn't be no Murders.'"

"Occasional Murders makes life briter," reflect Cousin Nogi.

"If there was no saloons there would be no crime," say Arthur Kickahajama.

"There would also be no fun," say Sydney Katsu, Jr.

"There would be no poverty," say Frank the Japanned Boot-polish.

"There would be no trusts," say I. Anazuma.

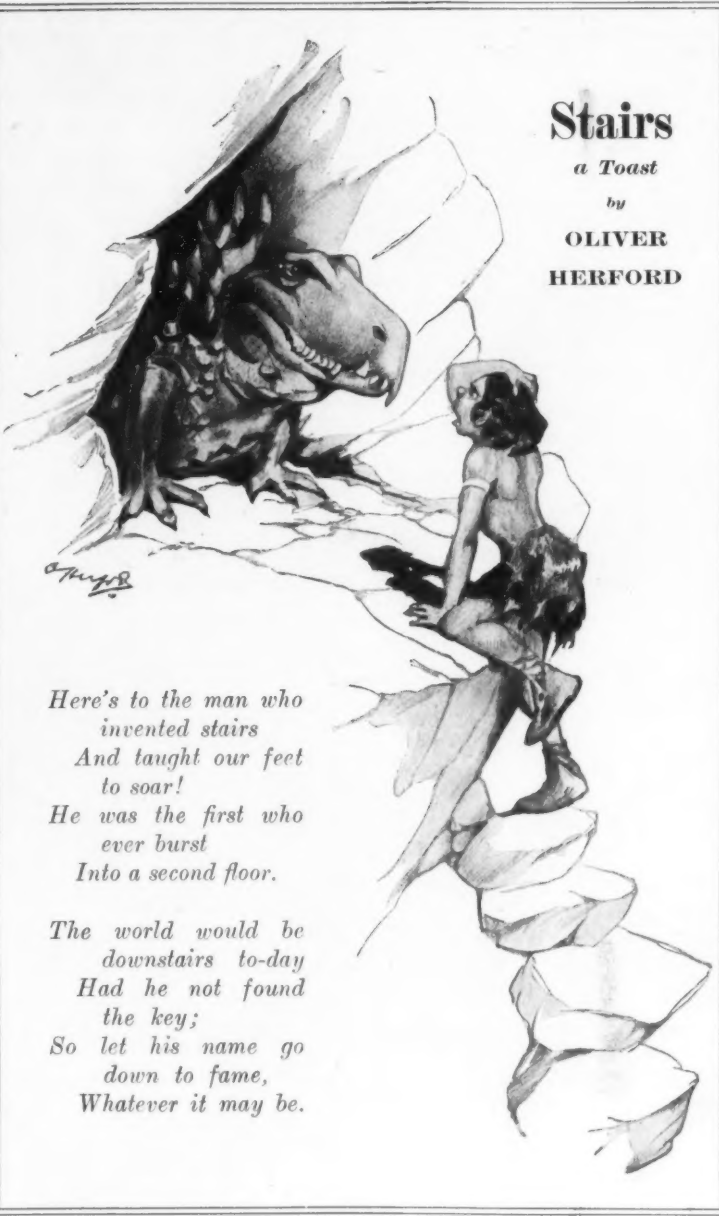
"There would be no enthusiasm," say Sago Jokai.

"There would be no insane asylums," say Albert Sudekachi.

"There would be no Poets," say Hashimura Togo.

If the saloon must go, Mr. Editor, see that it are put away in some convenient place. I ask it. Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.



*Here's to the man who
invented stairs
And taught our feet
to soar!
He was the first who
ever burst
Into a second floor.*

*The world would be
downstairs to-day
Had he not found
the key;
So let his name go
down to fame,
Whatever it may be.*

the poor has left as security. Them sweet salooner will never turn deaf eye to want & misery as long as want & misery will leave month's wages at Hon. Bar. A kindly man are Hon. Strunsky.

This benefacting gentleman believe in keeping his saloon clean & full of home influences. He don't not believe in no rye-bald scenes of debutchery around place. So when a coal-chuck become entire paralysis there Hon. Strunsky remove remainder of wage from pockets of them unfortunat man & he are nex discovered in street. When U. S. marine sailor enjoy stab-cut in this Strunsky home his remainder are dragged quietly to a alley full of shadows so he will not die all over nice saw-dust floor.

Last Wednesday while Hon. Strunsky was elsewhere talking about it Hon. G. W. McCann, prominent drunker, come-me sneeketly with Standard Oil expression and request 1 free drink as a loving gift.

"Why you deserve such free gift?" is question for me.

"I are a large tank-line & therefore

"Suppose so," smack he, "59 successive tumblers are sufficient for a strong man."

"Are a moderate drunk good for persons?" next come out.

"O sure of!" he negotiate, "I can feel it doing so."

"It are no true joy what leave a dark brownly taste in morning," I say for David Star Jordan expression.

"It are no true joy in the morning, but it are a very fine imitation of it the night before," commute that sinny drunk.

"Hon. Horce, famous Roman writer, say-how whisky make poets sing," is arrival for me.

"Suppose he are right," say Hon. McCann. "I have often enjoyed singing in ears by early morning."

I make note of this phenomenal. "All saloons looks alike to me," regret Hon. Drunk.

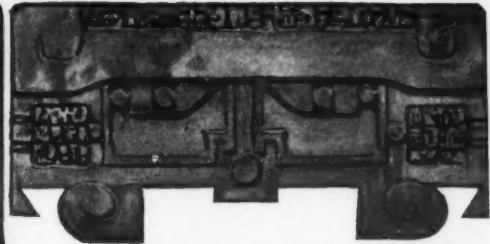
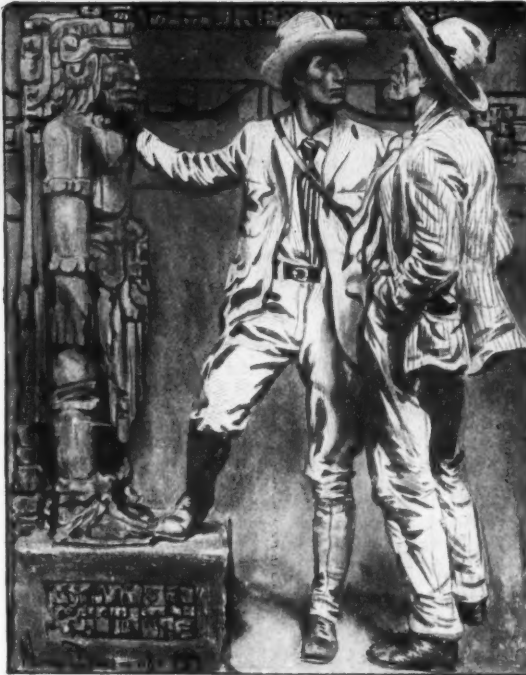
"So sad to hear!" I rake out. "Saloons is entirely different in appearance. Some is red, some pink, some plate-glassed by door to look like National Bank—how you no tell difference?"

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He Also Serves

The Tale That was Told by Hunky Magee, Camp-Follower of Fortune, of an Ossified Heathen God and His Yucatan Maiden—Why High Jack Snakefeeder Left His Pedestal

By O. HENRY



Illustrated by MAYNARD DIXON

IF I COULD have a thousand years—just one little thousand years—more of life, I might, in that time, draw near enough to true Romance to touch the hem of her robe.

Up from ships men come, and from waste places and forest and road and garret and cellar to maunder to me in strangely distributed words of the things they have seen and considered. The recording of their tales is no more than a matter of ears and fingers. There are only two fates I dread—deafness and writer's cramp. The hand is yet steady; let the ear bear the blame if these printed words be not in the order they were delivered to me by Hunky Magee, true camp-follower of Fortune.

Biography shall claim you but an instant—I first knew Hunky when he was head waiter at Chubb's little beefsteak restaurant and café on Third Avenue. There was only one waiter besides.

Then, successively, I caromed against him in the little streets of the Big City after his trip to Alaska, his voyage as cook with a treasure-seeking expedition to the Caribbean, and his failure as a pearl-fisher in the Arkansas River. Between these dashes into the land of adventure he usually came back to Chubb's for a while. Chubb's was a port for him when gales blew too high; but when you dined there and Hunky went for your steak you never knew whether he would come to anchor in the kitchen or in the Malayan Archipelago. You wouldn't care for his description—he was soft of voice and hard of face and rarely had to use more than one eye to quell any approach to a disturbance among Chubb's customers.

One night I found Hunky standing at a corner of Twenty-third Street and Third Avenue after an absence of several months. In ten minutes we had a little round table between us in a quiet corner, and my ears began to get busy. I leave out my sly ruses and feints to draw Hunky's word-of-mouth blows—it all came to something like this:

"Speaking of the next election," said Hunky, "did you ever know much about Indians? No? I don't mean the Cooper, Beadle, cigar store or Laughing Water kind—I mean the modern Indian—the kind that takes Greek prizes in colleges and scalps the half-back on the other side in football games. The kind that eats macaroons and tea in the afternoons with the daughter of the professor of biology, and fills up on grasshoppers and fried rattlesnake when they get back to the ancestral wickiup."

"Well, they ain't so bad. I like 'em better than most foreigners that have come over in the last few hundred years. One thing about the Indian is this: When he mixes with the white race he swaps all his own vices for them of the pale-faces. And he retains all his own virtues. Well, his virtues are enough to call out the reserves whenever he lets 'em loose. But the imported foreigners adopt our virtues and keep their own vices—and it's going to take our whole standing army some day to police that gang."

"But let me tell you about the trip I took to Mexico with High Jack Snakefeeder, a Cherokee twice removed, a graduate of a Pennsylvania college and the latest thing in pointed-toed, rubber-heeled, patent kid moccasins and Madras hunting shirt with turned-back cuffs. He was a friend of mine. I met him in Tahlequah when I was out there during the land boom, and we got thick. He had got all there was out of colleges and had come back to lead his people out of Egypt. He was a man of first-class style and wrote essays, and had been invited to visit rich guys' houses in Boston and such places."

"There was a Cherokee girl in Muscogee that High Jack was foolish about. He took me to see her a few times. Her name was Florence Blue Feather—but you want to clear your mind of all ideas of

"I'm in the holy temple of my ancestors!"

squaws with nose rings and army blankets. This young lady was whiter than you are and better educated than I ever was. You couldn't have told her from any of the girls shopping in the swell Third Avenue stores. I liked her so well that I got to calling on her now and then when High Jack wasn't along, which is the way of friends in such matters. She was educated at the Muscogee College; and was making a specialty of—let's see—eth—yes, ethnology. That's the art that goes back and traces the descent of different races of people, leading up from jelly-fish, through monkeys and to the O'Briens. High Jack had took up that line too and had read papers about it before all kinds of riotous assemblies—Chautauquas and Choctaws and Chowder parties and such. Having a mutual taste for musty information like that was what made 'em like each other, I suppose. But, I don't know! What they call congeniality of tastes ain't always it. Now, when Miss Blue Feather and me was talking together I listened to her affidavits about the first families of the Land of Nod being cousins german (well, if the Germans don't nod, who does?) to the mound builders of Ohio with incomprehension and respect. And when I'd tell her about the Bowery and Coney Island and sing her a few songs that I'd heard the Jamaica niggers sing at their church lawn parties she didn't look much less interested than she did when High Jack would tell her that he had a pipe that the first inhabitants of America originally arrived here on stilts after a freshet at Tenafly, New Jersey.

"But I was going to tell you more about High Jack."

"About six months ago I get a letter from him saying he'd been commissioned by the Minority Report Bureau of Ethnology at Washington to go down to Mexico and translate some excavations or dig up the meaning of some shorthand notes on some ruins—or something of that sort. And if I'd go along he could squeeze the price into the expense account."

"Well, I'd been holding a napkin over my arm at Chubb's about long enough then, so I wired High Jack 'Yes'; and he sent me a ticket and I met him in Washington, and he had a lot of news to tell me. First of all was that Florence Blue Feather had suddenly disappeared from her home and environments."

"Run away?" I asked.

"Vanished," says High Jack. "Disappeared like your shadow when the sun goes under a cloud. She was seen on the street and then she turned a corner, and nobody ever seen her afterwards. The whole community turned out to look for her, but we never found a clue."

"That's bad—that's bad," says I. "She was a mighty nice girl and as smart as you find 'em."

"High Jack seemed to take it hard. I guess he must have esteemed Miss Blue Feather quite highly. I could see that he'd referred the matter to the whisky jug. That was his weak point and many another man's. I've noticed that when a man loses a girl he

generally takes to drink either just before or just after it happens.

"From Washington we railroaded it to New Orleans, and there took a tramp steamer bound for Belize. And a gale pounded us all down the Caribbean and nearly wrecked us on the Yucatan coast opposite a little town without a harbor called Boca de Coacoyula. Suppose the ship had run against that name in the dark!"

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cyclone in the bay," says High Jack Snakefeeder. So we get the captain to send us ashore in a dory when the squall seemed to cease from squalling.

"We will find ruins here, or make 'em," says High. "The Government doesn't care which we do. An appropriation is an appropriation."

"Boca de Coacoyula was a dead town. Them biblical towns we read about—Tired and Siphon—after they were destroyed they must have looked like Forty-second Street and Broadway compared to this Boca place. It still claimed 1,300 inhabitants as estimated and engraved on the stone court-house by the census-taker in 1597. The citizens were a mixture of Indians and other Indians; but some of 'em was light-colored, which I was surprised to see. The town was huddled up on the shore, with woods so thick around it that a subpoena server couldn't have reached a monkey ten yards away with the papers. We wondered what kept it from being annexed to Kansas; but we soon found out that it was Major Bing."

"Major Bing was the ointment around the fly. He had the cochineal, sarsaparilla, logwood, annatto, hemp, and all other dye-woods and pure food adulteration concessions cornered. He had five-sixths of the Boca de Thingamajiggers working for him on shares. It was a beautiful graft. We used to brag about Morgan and E. H. and others of our wisest when I was in the provinces—but now no more. That peninsula has got our little country turned into a submarine without even the observation tower showing."

"Major Bing's idea was this. He had the population go forth into the forest and gather these products. When they brought 'em in he gave 'em one-fifth for their trouble. Sometimes they'd strike and demand a sixth. The Major always gave in to 'em."

"The Major had a bungalow so close on the sea that the nine-inch tide seeped through the cracks in the kitchen floor. Me and him and High Jack Snakefeeder sat on the porch and drank rum from noon till midnight. He said he had piled up \$300,000 in New Orleans banks, and High and me could stay with him forever if we would. But High Jack happened to think of the United States, and began to talk ethnology."

"Ruins?" says Major Bing. "The woods are full of 'em. I don't know how far they date back, but they was here before I came."

"High Jack asks him what form of worship the citizens of that locality are addicted to."

"Why," says the Major, rubbing his nose, "I can't hardly say. I imagine it's infidel or Aztec or non-conformist or something like that. There's a church here—a Methodist or some other kind, with a parson named Skidder. He claims to have converted the people to Christianity. He and me don't assimilate except on state occasions. I imagine they worship some kind of gods or idols yet. But Skidder says he has 'em in the fold."

"A few days later, High Jack and me, prowling around, strikes a plain path into the forest and follows it a good four miles. Then a branch turns to the left. We go a mile, maybe, down that and run up against the finest ruin you ever saw—solid stone with trees and vines and underbrush all growing up against it and in it and through it. All over it was chiseled carvings of funny beasts and people that would have been arrested if they'd ever come out in vaudeville that way. We approached it from the rear."

"High Jack had been drinking too much rum ever

since we landed in Boca. You know how an Indian is—the palefaces fixed his clock when they introduced him to firewater. He'd brought a quart along with him.

"Hunky," says he, "we'll explore the ancient temple. It may be that the storm that landed us here was propitious. The Minority Report Bureau of Ethnology," says he, "may yet profit by the vagaries of wind and tide."

"We went in the rear door of the bum edifice. We struck a kind of alcove without bath. There was a granite Davenport and a stone washstand without any soap or exit for the water and some hard-wood pegs drove into holes in the wall, and that was all. To go out of that furnished apartment into a Harlem hall bedroom would make you feel like getting back home from an amateur violoncello solo at an East Side settlement house.

"While High was examining some hieroglyphics on the wall that the stone masons must have made when their tools slipped I stepped into the front room. That was at least thirty by fifty feet, stone floor, six little windows like square portholes that didn't let much light in.

"I looked back over my shoulder and sees High Jack's face three feet away.

"High," says I, "of all the—"

"And then I noticed he looked funny, and I turned around.

"He'd taken off his clothes to the waist, and he didn't seem to hear me. I touched him and came near beating it. High Jack had turned to stone. I had been drinking some rum myself.

"Ossified!" I says to him, loudly. "I knew what would happen if you kept it up."

"And then High Jack comes in from the alcove when he hears me conversing with nobody, and we have a look at Mr. Snakefeeder No. 2. It's a stone idol or god or revised statue or something, and it looks as much like High Jack as one green pea looks like itself. It's got exactly his face and size and color; but it's steadier on its pins. It stands on a kind of rostrum or pedestal, and you can see it's been there ten million years.

"He's a cousin of mine," sings High, and then he turns solemn.

"Hunky," he says, putting one hand on my shoulder and one on the statue's, "I'm in the holy temple of my ancestors."

"Well, if looks goes for anything," says I, "you've struck a twin. Stand side by side with buddy and let's see if there's any difference."

"There wasn't. You know an Indian can keep his face as still as an iron dog's when he wants to, so when High Jack froze his features you couldn't have told him from the other one.

"There's some letters," says I, "on his nob's pedestal, but I can't make 'em out. The alphabet of this country seems to be composed of sometimes a, e, i, o, and u, but generally z's, f's, and t's."

"High Jack's ethnology gets the upper hand of his rum for a minute, and he investigates the inscription.

"Hunky," says he, "this is a statue of Tlotopaxl, one of the most powerful gods of the ancient Aztecs."

"Glad to know him," says I, "but in his present condition he reminds me of the joke Shakespeare got off on Julius Caesar. We might say about your friend:

"Imperious What's-his-Name, dead and turned to stone—

No use to write or call him on the 'phone."

"Hunky," says High Jack Snakefeeder, looking at me funny, "do you believe in reincarnation?"

"It sounds to me," says I, "like either a clean-up of the slaughter-houses or a new kind of Boston pink. I don't know."

"I believe," says he, "that I am the reincarnation of Tlotopaxl. My researches have convinced me that the Cherokees, of all the North American tribes, can boast of the straightest descent from the proud Aztec race. That," says he, "was a favorite theory of mine and Florence Blue Feather's. And she—what if she—!"

"High Jack grabs my arm and walls his eyes at me. Just then he looked more like his eminent co-Indian murderer, Crazy Horse.

"Well," says I, "what if she, what if she, what if she? You're drunk," says I. "Impersonating idols and believing in—what was it?—recarnalization? Let's have a drink," says I. "It's as spooky here as a Brooklyn artificial limb factory at midnight with the gas turned down."

"Just then I heard somebody coming, and I dragged High Jack into the bedless bedchamber. There was peepholes bored through the wall so we could see the whole front part of the temple. Major Bink told me afterward that the ancient priests in charge used to rubber through them at the congregation.

"In a few minutes an old Indian woman came in with a big, oval earthen dish full of grub. She set it on a square block of stone in front of the graver image and laid down and walloped her face on the floor a few times and then took a walk for herself.

"High Jack and me was hungry, so we came out and looked it over. There was goat steaks and fried rice cakes and plantains and cassava and broiled land crabs and mangoes—nothing like what you get at Chubb's.

"We ate hearty and had another round of rum.

"It must be old Tecumseh's—or whatever you call him—birthday," says I. "Or do they feed him every day? I thought gods only drank vanilla on Mount Catawampus."

"Then some more native parties in short kimonos

that showed their aborigines punctured the near-horizon, and me and High had to skip back into Father Axletree's private boudoir. They came by ones, twos, and threes, and left all sorts of offerings—there was enough grub for Bingham's nine gods of war with plenty left over for the peace conference at Hague. They brought jars of honey and bunches of bananas and bottles of wine and stacks of tortillas and beautiful shawls worth one hundred dollars apiece that the Indian women weave of a kind of vegetable fiber like silk. All of 'em got down and wriggled on the floor in front of that hard-finish god and then sneaked off through the woods again.

"I wonder who gets this rake-off?" remarks High Jack.

"Oh," says I, "there's priests or deputy idols or a committee of disarrangements somewhere in the woods on the job. Wherever you find a god you'll find somebody waiting to take charge of the burnt offerings."

"And then we took another swig of rum and walked out to the parlor front door to cool off, for it was as hot inside as a summer camp on the Palisades.

"And while we stood there in the breeze we looks down the path and sees a young lady approaching the blasted ruin. She was barefooted and had on a white robe and carried a wreath of white flowers in her hand. When she got nearer we saw she had a long blue feather stuck through her black hair. And when she got nearer still, me and High Jack Snakefeeder grabbed each other to keep from tumbling down on the floor. For the girl's face was as much like Florence Blue Feather's as his was like old King Toxicology's.

"And then was when High Jack's booze drowned his system of ethnology. He dragged me inside back to the statue and says:

"Lay hold of it, Hunky. We'll pack it into the other room. I felt it all the time," says he. "I'm the reconsideration of the god Locomotor-ataxia, and Florence Blue Feather was my bride a thousand years ago. She has come to seek me in the temple where I used to reign."

"All right," says I. "There's no use arguing against the rum question. You take his feet."

"We lifted the three-hundred-pound stone god and carried him into the back room of the café—the temple, I mean—and leaned him against the wall. It was more work than bouncing three live ones from an all-night Broadway joint on New Year's eve.

"Then High Jack ran out and brought in a couple of them Indian silk shawls and began to undress himself.

"Oh, figs!" says I. "Is it thus? Strong drink is an adder and a subtractor, too. Is it the heat or the call of the wild that's got you?"

"But High Jack is too full of exaltation and came-juice to reply. He stops the disrobing business just short of the Manhattan Beach rules, and then winds them red-and-white shawls around him and goes out and stands on the pedestal as steady as any platinum deity you ever saw. And I looks through a peephole to see what he is up to.

"In a few minutes in comes the girl with the flower wreath. Danged if I wasn't knocked a little silly when she got close, she looked so exactly much like Florence Blue Feather; 'I wonder,' says I to myself, 'if she has been reincarnated, too. If I could see,' says I to myself, 'whether she has a mole on her left—but the next minute I thought she looked one-eighth of a shade darker than Florence. But she looked good at that. And High Jack hadn't drunk all the rum that had been drank."

"The girl went up within ten feet of the bum idol and got down and massaged her nose with the floor like the rest did. Then she went nearer and laid the flower wreath on the block of stone at High Jack's feet. Rummy as I was, I thought it was kind of nice of her to think of offering flowers instead of household and kitchen provisions. Even a stone god ought to appreciate a little sentiment like that on top of the fancy groceries they had piled up in front of him.

"And then High Jack steps down from his pedestal, quiet, and mentions a few words that sounded just like the hieroglyphics carved on the walls of the ruin. The girl gives a little jump backwards, and her eyes fly open as big as doughnuts; but she don't beat it.

"Why didn't she? I'll tell you why I think why. It don't seem to a girl so supernatural, unlikely, strange, and startling that a stone god should come to life for her. If he was to do it for one of them snub-nosed brown girls on the other side of the woods, now, it would be different—but her! I'll bet she said to herself: 'Well, goodness me! you've been a long time getting on your job. I've half a mind not to speak to you.'

"But she and High Jack holds hands and walks away out of the temple together. By the time I'd had time to take another drink and enter upon the scene they was twenty yards away, going up the path in the woods that the girl had come down. With the natural scenery already in place, it was just like



"The girl gives a little jump backwards, and her eyes fly open as big as doughnuts"

a play to watch 'em—she looking up at him, and him giving her back the best that an Indian can hand out in the way of a goo-goo eye. But there wasn't anything in that rearnification and revulsion to tintype for me.

"Hey! Injun!" I yells out to High Jack. "We've got a board bill due in town, and you're leaving me without a cent. Brace up and cut out the Neapolitan fisher maiden and let's go back home."

"But on the two goes without looking once back until, as you might say, the forest swallowed 'em up. And I never saw or heard of High Jack Snakefeeder from that day to this. I don't know if the Chero-

kees came from the Aspics; but if they did one of 'em went back.

"All I could do was to hustle back to that Boca place and panhandle Major Bing. He detached himself from enough of his winnings to buy me a ticket home. And I'm back again on the job at Chubb's, sir, and I'm going to hold it steady. Come round, and you'll find the steaks as good as ever."

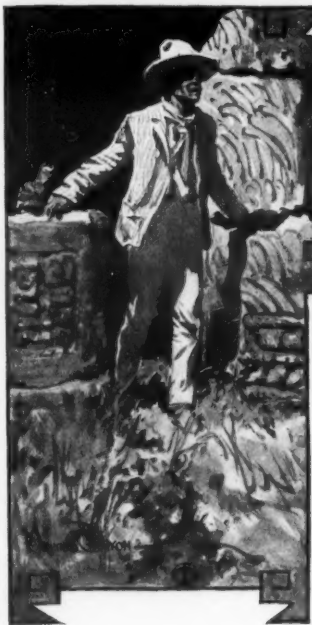
I wondered what Hunky Magee thought about his own story; so I asked him if he had any theories about reincarnation and transmogrification and such mysteries as he had touched upon.

"Nothing like that," said Hunky, positively.

"What ailed High Jack was too much booze and education. They'll do an Indian up every time."

"But what about Miss Blue Feather?" I persisted.

"Say," said Hunky, with a grin, "that little lady that stole High Jack certainly did give me a jar when I first took a look at her; but it was only for a minute. You remember I told you High Jack said that Miss Florence Blue Feather disappeared from home about a year ago? Well, where she landed four days later was in as neat a five-room flat on East Twenty-third Street as you ever walked sideways through; and she's been Mrs. Magee ever since."



Voices of Zeal

By ERNEST POOLE

FOUR men sat busily pounding the keys of as many jingling linotypes; from the cellar below the presses were shaking the building; eighty thousand papers were pouring out to the wagons and into the clutches of howling boys. And up in the editorial rooms—where all morning long the reporters had been dashing off "copy" in curious Yiddish characters, writing from right to left—looking out of the window into a great crowded square on the lower East Side of New York, I saw those papers scattering through the dense, slow-moving mass of sweatshop workers: the "Forward," a Socialist paper, spreading its message day by day.

The story of the "Forward" is to a large degree the story of the editor, Abraham Cahan.

A school teacher in South Russia, while still very young he joined in the revolutionist movement. In 1882, after a narrow escape from arrest, he came to New York, arriving almost penniless. He secured work in a tin factory, spending his nights learning English; in this he made such rapid progress that one year later he became a teacher in a public night-school; and there he taught ten years.

At that time the Socialist Party in New York was already beginning to split. There were some who wanted to "ram Socialism down the throat of the American working man!" and called non-Socialist labor unions "outside the pale of decency!" In the early nineties, this fiery section started a little daily paper called the "Abendblatt," as intolerant as themselves. But there were a few hundred even then who had broader views; and they soon decided to have a paper of their own. To raise the money, two Socialist dances were given. Here the excitement rose high. Dollars and quarters and dimes, watches, pins, and rings came merrily into the hats. And with the huge sum of eight hundred dollars the "Daily Forward" began.

For some three months Cahan was one of the editors. But long before this he had begun to write special articles for the New York "Sun." His novel,

"Yekel," now came out and was well received. He was offered a position on the "Commercial Advertiser," and went down to Newspaper Row—to learn American journalism.

Lincoln Steffens was his chief; men now well known were on the staff; and after the paper went to press they used to have long talks. In these talks and in his work Cahan learned by hard experience what is "copy" and what is not. Here he worked five years.

Meanwhile, his old "comrades" had forced their paper up to a circulation of nine thousand. They asked him now to come back and take charge. And he finally accepted, making one condition—that he be given a free hand.

He began on the editorial page, which had been filled hitherto with discussions dry as bone. Square in the center of this dreary region he planted a column on table manners!

There was a storm in the office that night. It was broken by a boy who came in chuckling with glee.

"My father," he said, "works in a sweatshop. For five years he put pennies into a box to send me to the City College. That's the kind of a father he is. But he is a poor old man and he never had a chance to learn manners. At home we ate our supper out of one big bowl. We had spoons and all dipped in. Well, every time I said we ought to have plates he got mad. 'Shall the egg teach the hen?' he asked me. But the old man reads your paper like a Bible. To-day I showed him what you wrote. He got red to his ears, he had a fit of coughing, he growled like a dog! But he's out now buying plates!"

Some five hundred subscribers were added that week.

"How to Send Your Boy to College"; "The Irish Son-in-Law" (of a strict old Jewish frau); "A True Sweatshop Romance"; "What the Blind Imagine"—these startling innovations followed in rapid succession.

"The trouble with us Socialists," wrote Cahan, "is that we're a bunch of rigid sectarians huddled in our little church, declaiming to each other what every one of us knows by heart. If we are to reach outside, we must grow tolerant, look at life all around us with warm human sympathies. Let's get some fun out of life!"

Mid-Ocean

By AGNES LEE

THE one gray sea,
The one gray sky,
From dawn to dawn,
And weary lawn
Of deck, where we
Pace fitfully,
And onward sweep
O'er the infinite deep.

KNEW we the gleam
Of steadfast towers,
Of roofs and spires,
And household fires,
Or did we dream?
And were there flowers?
The storms that blow
Are all we know.

THROUGH leaping cave
Our caravan
Imprisoned moves,
And nothing proves
But wave on wave.
And what is man—
A mote to cross
Where Time shall toss?

DOWN the abyss,
Up the sky's way,
We plunge, we pull.
Oh wonderful!
For man is this,
That on the day,
The hour, he planned
Our boat shall land!



"On the two goes without looking once back until, as you might say, the forest swallowed 'em up"

The Socialist Dailies of New York and Chicago—the Personality of the Editors and the Story of the slow, stubborn struggle in the Newspaper Office to meet Expenses—The Tendency away from the Cast-iron Creed to a more Human Appeal

He changed the paper's language from the dry Marxian phrases and the pompous Germanized Yiddish to the plain speech of the Ghetto street, with American slang thrown in.

In five weeks the circulation increased by 18,000.

Little by little the news columns crowded the old-time sermons out of the pages. News items by wire, from "Our Correspondent" in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, and London, appeared in imposing array, all coming over the telephone from the small office boy, who stood excitedly scanning the early bulletins down on Newspaper Row.

Less Preaching and More Human Interest

THE news swelled; the preaching dwindled. But Socialism was not left out. In every sketch and anecdote, in every report of events in the teeming outside world—strikes and lockouts, new trusts coming into life, graft exposures, foreign treaties, wars and Jewish massacres, Mr. Dooley's latest wisdom, murder trials, divorces, and horse-races—by some turn or twist, the hint was dropped that the greedy few are grabbing all and the masses are a starving horde.

The editor tried a new feature.

"The big American papers," he wrote, "have their 'Side Talks' and their letters. These are mostly fakes. But we Russians love real stories. The book of life is the only look. Let us try to open it wide. Send us letters. Be frank and honest; and if you wish, we will keep back your names. But tell what is pinching you most in your tenement to-night, what made you laugh on the street to-day, what puzzles you most, what makes you look so worried or what makes you look so fine? Help us to open the book, and we shall read it all together."

A letter came that night:

"There is a nice young man who comes often to our rooms. He is good, we are sure of that, and we like him very much. But we have a watch which we take to the Uncle (pawnshop) whenever we have no money. This watch has gone. Now we know the young man has been out of work and starving many days, and we know he took the watch to pawn only

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is
Beauty
in
every
Jar



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The skin is an important body organ. It discharges, through its 28 miles of tiny pores, two pounds of waste matter every 24 hours. Now unless these pores are properly performing their work, this waste matter stays in the skin and makes it sallow, muddy and yellowish. Therefore, a healthy skin is necessary to a perfect complexion. Exposure to the weather, to heat and cold, to dirt and dust indoors and out, to the tainted air of the ballroom or the steam of the kitchen, makes a skin tonic an absolute necessity to the woman who values her complexion.

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It dissolves all injurious deposits which discolor and in time ruin the delicate enamel, causing decayed teeth. It prevents the formation of tartar and destroys all poisons and germs which cause softened and diseased gums.

If your druggist does not keep Zodenta, send us 25 cents for a large (2½ oz.) tube postpaid. Your money returned if you don't like it.

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59 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

because he was starving. He means to bring it back. But now my husband is idle, and we need the watch to pawn it for ourselves. If he will only send the ticket and the money he got, he will never hear a word from us, we will be as good friends as ever before. But we are very old. *That watch must come back soon.*"

"In Russia," wrote a girl, "I loved a man and thought that he loved me. But just before our wedding he told me that two years ago he had asked a girl to marry him and she had refused. He said he had found all at once that his heart was with her and not with me. We were going to New York—our tickets were already bought with my dower. And she was there, and he said that if he saw her he knew he would love her hard, and that would be bad for me. I was very angry. I could hardly think at all. The whole town was ready for the wedding. What would they say? I told him I might as well bury myself alive. We talked for a long time. At last I promised him that if he ever met her and loved her again and she loved him—then I would help him to get a divorce."

The Other Woman

"SO WE came. And for two years I have been happier than ever in my life. He began to really love me—I am sure of this. But one night last week he came home and told me he had met her on the street. He barely slept that night. I listened and I know. Now if he meets her often and he loves her and she loves him—if she should—must I keep my promise? We have a baby five months old. Please don't print this—but read it—and tell me very soon—to A. H. in the paper."

There came other letters asking eager questions, and some could not be printed. There came long groping letters, from minds plunged deep into mazes of philosophy. The number steadily increased, until now they receive on an average sixty a day. Culling from these a dozen or more, the editor runs them on a page that is headed: "A Bunch of Letters." And so terribly real are some and so ludicrous are others that from the Yiddish theaters the playwrights come to watch the stream and pick from it plots and motives.

With human documents like these, with a literary page where the latest Russian fiction is translated into Yiddish and keenly analyzed, and with the news steadily crowding out doctrine—the paper has reached eighty thousand, and increases still at the rate of a thousand a month. There is no stock; there are no individual owners. All profits have gone into equipment. They own their building now.

On Decoration Day of this year the Socialists of New York struck out courageously with a daily in English—the "Evening Call," No. 1, Volume I. It is a definite attempt to reach the labor vote and the average working man and his family. The "home department" of the paper is emphasized; general news features are run; and fiction and descriptive articles, unrelated to a declaration of faith in "the one only way," are included. It is one more effort of Socialists to outgrow the rigidity of a narrow creed, and substitute a human appeal for the clamor of a dogmatic propaganda. One editorial writer, who wrote offensively after the death of Grover Cleveland, was deposed. Like all Socialist papers, it undergoes financial crises on the average of one a month, but it is still riding the storm, though its impassioned appeals to friends and well-wishers continue.

The Chicago "Daily Socialist" began in the autumn of 1906. It was started merely as a campaign weapon to run two weeks till election day. But from all over the Middle West there poured in so many hundreds of letters demanding a permanent daily organ that the editors decided to make the attempt. They made up the paper to-day in the fond hope that the morning's mail would bring enough money to run it to-morrow. They worked in a few bare rooms that had no gas-light. They used candles. The type was set up in an office some distance away, and a third office did the printing.

It was learned that in Worcester, Massachusetts, a printing plant, one of the oldest in the United States, was for sale. The price was \$30,000; \$18,000 to be paid as a first instalment. In the next two weeks \$20,000 was collected, ten per cent in large subscriptions; ninety per cent in ten-dollar shares of stock purchased by labor unions and the local Socialist organizations. Meanwhile the owner of the plant, a staunch New Englander, had learned of the purpose for which it was intended. It was too late to withdraw, but not too late to demand the entire price before delivery; and he added that unless the money was forthcoming in two weeks the sale would be considered off. For the next ten days several hundred working men spent their nights collecting dollars and dimes. With four days left, they still lacked \$3,000. And as the owner now demanded cash payment, a man was sent to Worcester, where he arranged with the local bank to receive the money by wire. The last few hundred dollars reached him on the eve of the appointed day. And the sober old plant started off, creaking and groaning, to begin a new and wild career.

As though for revenge, it banged and battered itself on the way, and arrived in a frightful condition. A call was sent out for volunteers, and over a hundred men came in that night, press workmen of all kinds. Type was distributed, the press and the linotypes were overhauled, woodworkers put up partitions and fixtures. Even plumbers worked! Union rules were broken in scandalous fashion. Within two weeks the plant was in shape.

Next came the volunteer authors! From north and south and east and west there poured in hundreds of letters, long-winded essays, startling exposures of capitalist crimes, and most dramatic accounts of monster meetings, which proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Great Revolution was here!

The Relentless Blue Pencil

BUT the managing editor had paid a visit to Cahan in New York. His colleague had worked for some years on a well-known Chicago daily. The floor was soon heaped high with manuscripts rejected; the blue pencil worked relentlessly on. And little by little the most scholarly writers learned with regret that the new paper was not "a real Socialist organ." Their contributions fell off. But the mass of the news correspondence steadily increased; and to give some shape to this matter, a small leaflet of instructions has been sent out to some five hundred correspondents, giving rough hints as to how "copy" is made.

Meanwhile, still packed with dusty phrases, thundering still their mighty anathemas, the little old-style papers struggle blindly on—relics of the beginning. The beginning is not over yet; all through the towns and cities its rigid mark appears; but little by little, tolerance, astuteness, and ability are making their way to the top.

+ + +

The Cub Reporter

(Continued from page 19)

"I know it," said Paul, and explained his difficulty in writing it.

"I'll do it myself," said Burns. "Now, you go home and report to-morrow."

A very tired but a very buoyant young man abruptly routed out the landlady of a cheap boarding-house that night and hugged her like a bear, explaining joyously that he had done a great big thing. He waltzed her down the hall and back, while she clutched wildly at her flapping flannel night-dress and besought him to think of her reputation. He waltzed her out of her bedroom slippers, gave her a smacking big kiss on her wrinkled cheek, and left her, breathless and scandalized, but laughing with him, in her heart a gladness akin to his.

The city was ablaze with the story when Anderson awoke the next morning, for the "Intelligencer" had made a clean "beat," and Burns had played up the story tremendously, hence it was with jumping pulses that Paul scanned the front page, but as he read he grew cool and serious.

The history of Mabel Wilkes, as sent in from Highland, was that of a simple country girl, in a great city, broken, dispirited, and destroyed by its coldness and cruelty, but under the magic touch of Burns it became a wonderful, tragic story, done in the editor's well-known flamboyant style, and yet nowhere in it was mention made of Paul Anderson. His name figured in it not at all; no credit was given to him. The cleverness and perseverance of the "Buffalo Intelligencer" was exploited, its able reportorial staff praised, and its editorial shrewdness extolled, but that was all. In fact, when he had concluded reading it, Anderson realized that the article was a very adroit encomium of the city editor, who had uncovered the story bit by bit, clinging tenaciously to clue after clue as it was uncovered, and relentlessly, untiringly driving his hirelings onward toward a triumphant solution of the mystery which had baffled all his contemporaries, as well as the peerless police department of the city.

It astonished as well as angered Paul

The Well Trained Man

¶ If you cannot afford to go through school or take a manual training or engineering course, you should find out what four years of training and practical work in the Navy will do to give you a start in life.

¶ The training fits you to be strong, manly and self-reliant. Your body is developed by systematic exercises, and you are taught to think and act quickly. The Navy needs men it can rely upon. You may be one of them. You have a chance to serve your country honorably, and at the same time improve your own condition.

¶ The ambitious young man in the Navy finds the work most interesting and profitable, especially if he has a trade or knack at something. He finds steady promotion and increased pay while becoming a master at his chosen line. He finds he can save money faster because board, lodging and a \$60 uniform outfit are free; his necessary traveling expenses and medical attention are paid for. Most men save more because their earnings do not go for recreation and amusement. There is plenty of amusement in the Navy and it costs little or nothing. Many a man has made his start in life on the savings of one enlistment.

¶ Nearly everybody knows something about the sports and recreation in the Navy—the boat races, field and track contests, minstrel shows, short cruises, games, etc., which lend variety and spice to Navy life. But how few know of the Opportunities!

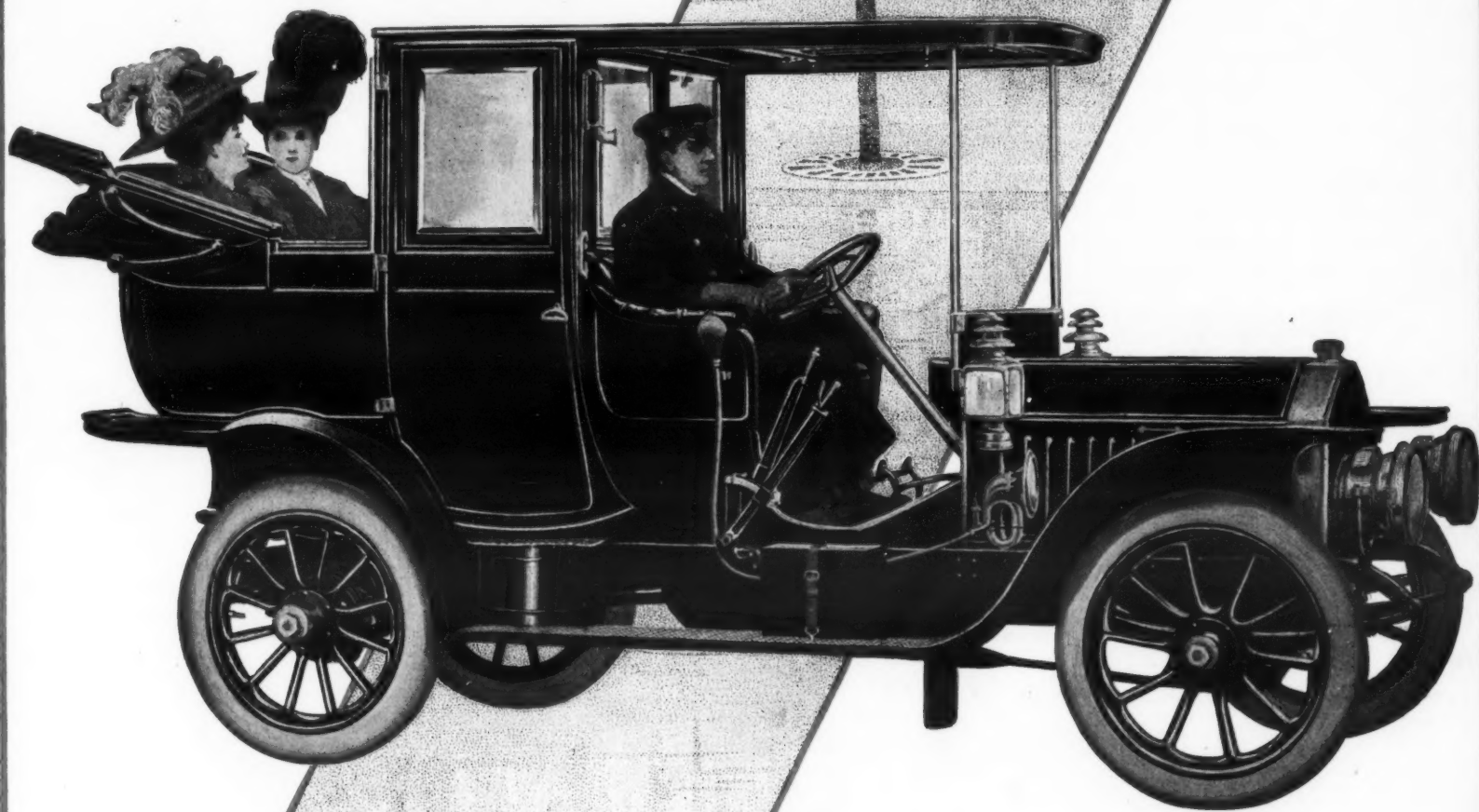
¶ Send for the booklet "The Making of a Man O' Warman"—an illustrated booklet in colors that tells about opportunities in the Navy—the conditions upon which you may enter, the wages, the work and study, the promotions, the cruises, etc. Parents and guardians should consider the advantages of this training. Ask anyone in the Navy. Send for booklet today to the Bureau of Navigation, Box 49, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.



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to realize how cleverly Burns had covered him up, and the sense of injustice was strong in him when he entered the office. His enemy recognized his mood, and seemed to gloat over it as he gently purred:

"That was good work you did, Anderson, and I'll keep you on as long as you show such ability. Of course you can't write yet, so I'll let you cover real estate transactions and the market. I'll send for you when you're needed."

Anderson went back to his desk in silent rage, where he meditated gloomily, interrupted only by the congratulations of other reporters, who rather timidly ventured to introduce themselves.

So Burns, not content with robbing him of what he had justly earned, was determined to hold him down at any cost, just to vent his spite, and to that end would give him the poorest assignments at his disposal. A man would have a tough job getting through interference of that kind, Anderson mused.

Hour after hour he sat around sullen and blue, nursing his disappointment. And then he saw Wells come in, the man who had gone to Highland to cover the other end of the Wilkes story. In his hands he held the afternoon papers, still wet from the press; in his eyes was an unwonted sparkle. He came directly to Anderson and thrust out his palm.

"I want to shake with you, old man," he commenced, "and I want to apologize for being such a rotter."

Paul met him half way, and he went on: "Burns gave us the wrong tip on you, said you were a joke. That's why we ridiculed you, but you're a bigger fellow than the rest of us."

"Thank you!" said the new reporter, upon whom this first genuine word of praise had a strong effect. "It—was more luck than anything."

"Luck nothing! It was genuine genius, and it's a dirty shame the way the boss tried to steal the credit from you. However, he overreached himself for once," and Wells began to laugh.

"Tried to steal it! Good Lord, he did it! How do you mean he overreached himself?"

"Haven't you seen the afternoon papers?"

"No."

"Well, read those!" Wells spread the later journals out before Paul, whose astonished eyes took in for a second time the story of the Wilkes suicide, but what a story!

He saw his own name in big black type, overshadowing everything else, saw headlines that told of a starving boy sent out on a hopeless assignment as a cruel joke; saw the story as it really happened, only told in the third person by an author who was neither ashamed nor afraid to give credit where it was due; saw the egotistical story of the Buffalo "Intelligencer" torn to shreds, and ridicule heaped upon its editor. He read nervously, breathlessly, till Wells interrupted:

"I'm to blame for this, you know. I

couldn't stand for such a crooked deal. When I got in this morning and saw what that fat imbecile had done to you, I tipped the true facts off to the others, all I knew. They got the rest from Corrigan, down at the Grand Trunk depot. I guess you can recognize his artistic Irish touch. It means my job if the old man finds it out, but I don't give a damn."

As yet Anderson was too dazed to grasp it all, and the other continued:

"The boys have all had it in for Burns, on the quiet, for months, and I guess they're even at last."

"I—I—I don't know how to take it," stammered Anderson.

"Take it! Good Lord! You're the biggest journalistic thing we ever pulled off in Buffalo, and the other papers will give you a square deal even if the baby hippo in yonder won't."

A boy touched Paul on the arm.

"Mr. Burns wants you."

"Oho!" cried Wells. "He's seen these papers! Now for a red-hot interview. Gee! I'd like to hear it. I'll bet he's biting splinters out of his desk. Let me know what comes off, will you?"

Anderson was met by a white-faced man whose rage had him so by the throat that he could scarcely speak. Under his feet and strewn about the room were the crumpled sheets of the afternoon papers. Burns glared at the newcomer for a moment, then pointed with a shaking finger, as he cried furiously:

"You did this!"

"Did what?"

"You told this to the other papers. You made a fool of me!"

"No, sir! I did not."

"Don't tell me you didn't. I know better. You're a damned, treacherous ingrate!" He seemed about to assault his reporter, but thought better of it. "I've got no use for such a man as you on this paper. You're fired! Do you understand? You're fired—discharged."

"But, Mr. Burns—"

"Not a word. I'm done with you. I—"

"Just a minute," demanded young Anderson in a tone which stilled the other. "I'm fired, am I, for something I didn't do? Very well! I'm glad of it, for now you can't stand in my way. You tried to hold me down and couldn't. You robbed me of what was mine last night, and got caught at it. You think now you can hinder me, but you can't, and some day, Mr. Burns, people will say that the biggest thing you ever did was to fire Paul Anderson. That's how big you'll be, and that's what I think of myself. You've 'welshed' on your own word, and taken my job, but there's one thing you gave me that you can't take away, and that's the knowledge that I'm a newspaper man and a good one. In addition to all of this, I'm going to lick you as soon as I can afford it."

He picked up his hat and walked out leisurely, and away down deep in his heart Mr. Burns knew that for once in his life he had heard the truth spoken.

McGennis's Promotion

(Continued from page 13)

Of all his schemes for the redemption of Sicaba that culvert and its tributary ditches was his pet. It had been a nice problem in drainage in a town whose highest ridge rose only a meter above high water, and which yet seemed to have an inexhaustible capacity for getting wet and staying wetter. The water had lain two feet deep all over the plaza, the last rains, and a score of men, fathers of families, had wrapped their faces in their clammy cotton blankets and died stolidly of fever, to say nothing of the women and the babies. The babies had been the worst of it. It made him growl out ugly curses to see the tiny coffins borne out of the church, two and three and four a day, with their tawdry draperies of pink calico dragged and beaten by wind and rain. He had made up his mind that it must stop. And it was stopped now, if Yankee ingenuity counted for anything, McGennis thought as he looked down at the clean green mortar of his culvert.

"Is it good?" the foreman of the masons asked anxiously.

"The Deputy Supervisor surveyed the work with puckered brows. "Fine, Miguel," he said genially. "Couldn't be better," and the workmen smiled at each other like pleased children.

"Two, three, four days it will be done," said Miguel proudly.

"Great!" cried his ruler. "You're a hustler. You and I've got some Irish in us, I reckon, hey?" And then, chuckling over the bewilderment his speech had caused, he resumed his light-hearted way to school.

The big, sunny boys' room, where black-

boards were fastened incongruously and perilously to nipa walls, and bright-eyed, white-frooked Oriental youngsters sat at American desks when they must, and drew their legs up to squat comfortably at other times, was very cheerful ordinarily, far and away the homiest place in Sicaba. But as McGennis entered he met a chilly air. For eleven months he had been impressing the beauty of punctuality on his charges, and now he had his reward. The children stared with round-eyed disapproval. The teachers greeted him with cold courtesy.

With twinkling eyes McGennis marched to the desk. "I am late," he reported meekly. "And—I will let Alejandro Angel name my punishment."

That was an inspiration. The angelic Alexander turned stiff with responsibility. "I sink," he announced at last, "we shall all stay after school, an' Meestair Magheen's shall tell the story of the Princess who was sleepy." A stir of approval greeted his pronouncement. The Sleeping Beauty was dear to the hearts of younger Sicaba.

Having made his peace, McGennis passed on to his own little room. And there, while detachments advanced to storm, under his leadership, the rough terrain of English speech, he fell to thinking again of his wonderful fortune. He would make those Igorrotes work—and he would learn all their legends and crafts and games, and make friends of them, and they would be his people. Just as the people of Sicaba were.

McGennis, glancing down at the long bench where a platoon of his people sat with the impishly angelic Alexander at

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one end—the lower one—and the wan-faced village hunchback at the other, felt a sudden pang. For the first time he realized that some professional pedagogue, some glass-eyed Dictionary, a heavy-handed, solemn fellow, might have those boys he had made his. If any one must come, he hoped it might be—McGennis ransacked his fancy for the sort of man he wanted. And he could not find one! At that he laughed outright. "You're getting green-eyed," he said to himself, in humorous surprise.

"Teacher, what is green-eye?" demanded the hunchback, and McGennis knew that he had spoken his thought.

"Green-eyed means a gazabo that thinks he's It," he explained promptly; and "What is gazabo, teacher?" demanded the tireless pursuer after knowledge.

"Time's up," said McGennis, laughing. "Rush along the next gang, Alexandro—and if I catch you chewing bunga in school again I'll wring your neck, sabe?"

When the one hour of his unmanly work was done and the last detachment had departed, McGennis lingered for a moment in the little room, looking out on the plaza, and his eyes were very thoughtful, almost wistful. "I reckon," he muttered, suddenly starting up, "a fellow'd hate to leave the Hot Place if he'd been there long enough to get acquainted," and he seized his hat and hurried over to his office in the big, half-ruinous convent which served Sicaba for municipal headquarters. His step was not so wholly buoyant as it had been in the morning, and the world was not quite so youthfully exuberant. Not that it was dead, as he had seen it so often from his window at sunrise. It was simply—homelike.

And in his office, too, buoyancy was lacking. Instead of taking up the work he had laid aside the night before, and it was work which must be finished quickly if he meant to leave his house in order, he sat stupidly for a while, and then, half unconsciously, he reached up to a shelf and took down some blue-prints of work which could not be done for years. Not till all those roads and bridges had some habitation more local than a cat's eye. There was the swamp, Manapla way, a hundred good square miles of rich black mud where cacao would grow like a weed, and only a thousand cubic meters of drainage canal were needed—twelve hundred at the outside.

And there was the growing bar at the mouth of Cadiz Viejo River. One jetty, placed knowingly, would scoop that out, and there was an ideal place for a dock—McGennis's short brown hand smoothed the curling blue-prints lovingly as he fell to thinking again of an unescapable successor. Whom could Stewart send? There was Haskins. Haskins had the education, McGennis admitted reverently, and could draw like a ruling-machine and figure like a comptometer. But Haskins couldn't make a monkey catch fleas, and the North Coast needed a driver, a hard-handed—and yet not too hard. Brown could make 'em hustle, but he would have a new fight on every day. What the North Coast needed was a jollier—like Henry? No, Henry was a jollier all right, but he made things cost like contract work in Frisco, and the North Coast was pitifully poor. What it needed was a contriver like—like—well, like—

"Oh, hell!" said McGennis profanely, and suddenly stood very straight above his drafting table, for his door had opened.

The Municipal Secretary and the Municipal Presidente came in. They seemed to radiate an air of funerals, and McGennis's boisterous greeting died in his throat. The Secretary halted just inside the door and stood looking down, a lumpy statue of grief. The Presidente, a spare, eager-faced young native, came forward to McGennis's table.

"Damn!" said McGennis softly, looking at him.

"Señor Magheenis," said the Presidente, "the Señor Secretario says you are going away. Assume me that he is mistaken."

McGennis started a light answer, and cut it short. "It's true, Presidente," he said briefly.

"But," said the Presidente, "where go all our plans which we made together? Remember how we talked? You shall teach me how the good Presidents—the Mayors—in America do, and so shall even Sicaba be made American also."

"I'm sorry, Presidente," said McGennis, "but you see—"

"I comprehend," said the Presidente. "We are too little, too poor, too worthless, to take the strength, the teaching, of a man like you—"

"Oh, cut it out," McGennis begged.

"It is not to be expected, and I do not expect it, now that I comprehend." There was a simple and impressive dignity in the little Presidente. "But what comes to Sicaba—and to me? Excuse me, Magheenis, amigo mio. I can not talk more

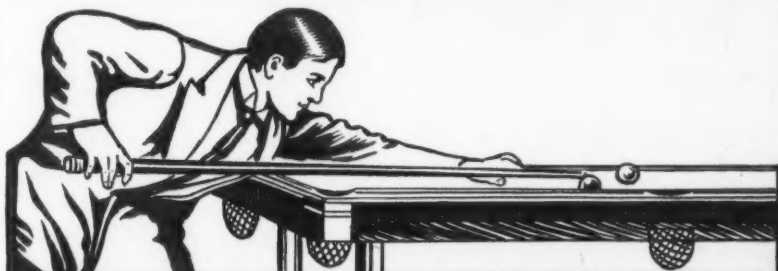


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now. Before you go I shall see you and thank you—but excuse me now."

"Damn!" said McGennis savagely, looking after the two silent figures as they went out. "What right have they got," he demanded sharply of Some One, "to expect me to drool away my whole life up in this God-forsaken hole? Here, you," he shouted roughly to the man-of-all-work about his office, "get my horse saddled up, quick. I've got to ride out and take a look at that cut on the Segovia road. Hurry up."

And so he rode away and escaped a day of unwonted excitement in Sicaba as the news spread. People told it to each other as they stood in twos and threes before the little tjendas, and the greater men of the town gathered in the earthen-floored café, drank cognac in unusual and dangerous quantities, three and four thimblefuls, some of them, and the school children talked of it, tearfully, and the monkeyish little constabulary soldiers in their lime-washed barrack—McGennis had given them a touch of that pliant mule-driver's wrist, once or twice, when their inspector had been absent riding along the eighty miles of ladrone-harried coast which was his charge.

In all Sicaba only the Municipal Secretary, sitting in his office with an unlighted cigar between his pudgy fingers, and the young Presidente, pacing up and down somewhere in his big house beside Sicaba River, did not speak of McGennis's going.

It was toward the end of the afternoon when he rode back, himself again. Out there in the open, with the sun and wind about him, his brain had cleared. These people had no mortgage on his future. It was a wrench breaking old ties, but not to do it in this case would be a piece of—back-beyond-the-foot-hills—sentimentality.

So when he turned into the first street of the little city, and a man stepped out from a tienda and asked: "You go away, Señor Magheenis?" McGennis, jogging along with a smile on his face, was ready. "Sure," he said carelessly.

But he was not ready for what followed. For the man put a hand to his mouth and called shrilly: "It is true," and from every tienda down the length of that long street men and women came out and stood looking up at him, silently, sorrowfully, questioningly, as if there were something they wanted to understand, and couldn't. Before McGennis was half-way to the plaza his smile was a savage grin, and he had kicked the big horse into a thundering gallop. And so he rode down between the rows of silent people, looking straight ahead.

He had reached the plaza, and was swinging his horse for the corner where his house was, when the sight of the schoolhouse on the farther side checked him. This hour, just before sunset, had come to be the one playtime hour of his busy days, and he spent it at the school. Not as a teacher, nor among the boys who were his unofficial pupils. At the other end of the school from the boys' room was another equally big room crowded full of girls, and it was there, oddly enough, that McGennis spent the one happy hour when he did not have to be a Deputy Supervisor.

Oddly, for McGennis, as he put it, "had no use for skirts." In his short tempestuous life he had seen many good men wasted for love of women, and far from being curious at their fate and the causes of it, he had drawn back into himself till he regarded the softer half of humankind with a suspicion which bordered on hatred.

But there were women of another sort. Tiny things whose little clinging fingers could hardly circle one of his stubby ones. Wee things of such primal innocence that, as they stood unclad at the village wells, with their plump little brown bodies shining in the sun and their wisps of black hair hanging all draggled about their faces, while their mothers poured water over them, they looked up unabashed if he came riding by, and smiled up friendly, and lisped "Good-a-mornin'."

Of such women McGennis had no fear, and so it had come about, very gradually, that, after all the others were gone, they waited in the big room till McGennis came with a wonderfully colored book, and then, with shining eyes and tiny gurgles of excited laughter, they closed about him and wormed their warm little selves inside his arms and balanced precariously on his shoulders, steadying themselves by his hair, and lay piled, a heap of eager heads and forgotten arms and legs, on the big table where the book was, while the Deputy Supervisor revealed to them the thrilling difference between a peach and an apple, and the astonishing unlikeness of either to a violet. And any one who had come unseen on McGennis then would hardly have known him for a Deputy Supervisor.

McGennis, at the plaza corner, felt suddenly that these friends of his were waiting for him then, and he could not bear to disappoint them. So he swung the big horse and galloped across, and rolled from



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The Chicago Tribune says Editorially:

The revelations made by **United States District Attorney Sims** in the current number of WOMAN'S WORLD should be given as wide a currency as possible. The extent of the White Slave traffic and the machinery by which it is maintained should be brought home not only to the officials sworn to deal with crime, but to parents sworn under a higher law to guard their young.

As Mr. Sims says, thousands of girls from the country are entrapped each year, and he points out the pitiful fact that the parents of a great majority of these unfortunates are unaware of their fate. As a consequence of this state of public ignorance, the traffic proceeds unchecked save by the efforts of prosecuting officials, which are necessarily restricted and temporary in effect.

What is greatly needed as a supplement to vigorous prosecution of offenders is a campaign of education. Clergymen should take up this evil and instruct parents in their congregations as to the reality and extent of the danger. In small towns there is virtually no knowledge of this evil and how it manifests itself, and there is far too little even in cities.

The problem is enormous, but it can be solved largely by educational means. The responsibility for a broad and systematic campaign of enlightenment rests with the religious and social agencies now existent in every community—the churches, the women's clubs, the civic leagues, and associations. The Press, too, should give a reputable publicity and exert its influence directly and on educational lines, to the end that the public may know the gravity of the evil and its conditions.

"The Illinois Vigilance Association"
Object: To Suppress Traffic in Women and Girls
Association Building, Chicago, September 17, 1908.
Woman's World: We thank you for the copies of WOMAN'S WORLD for September. We shall ask a donation for more. The article by Mr. Sims must do great good.
ERNEST A. BELL, Cor. Sec'y.

The Rocky Mountain Rescue Home
"A Christian Home for Erring Girls"
Colorado Springs, Colo., September 18, 1908.
Woman's World: I write to ask permission to publish in our official organ the article in the September WOMAN'S WORLD entitled "The White Slave Trade of Today." We desire to extend to you our personal thanks for the publication of this great article.
WM. H. LEE, Supt.

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The White Slave Trade of Today

By **Edwin W. Sims**, U. S. District Attorney in Chicago. An account of the prosecution by the United States Government of the "White Slave" Traders who Mr. Sims states "Have reduced the art of ruining young girls to a national and international system."

WHY GIRLS GO ASTRAY

By **Edwin W. Sims**. Mr. Sims' powerful article in the September WOMAN'S WORLD has made so profound an impression upon the entire country that he has written another article on "Why Girls Go Astray"—written strictly from the viewpoint of a government official, who deals with this delicate and difficult problem.

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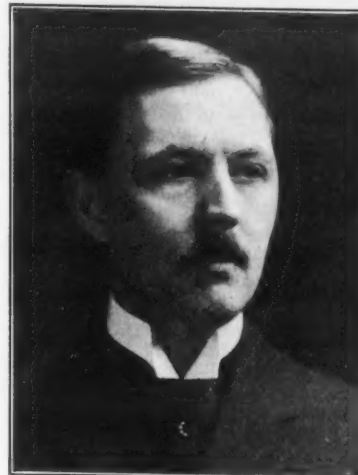
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his saddle at the schoolhouse door and pushed it open, and took one step inside and stopped.

For from the benches and the crowded table there rose a wail of infantile despair, so shrill and queerly, piping minor, so manifestly the outpouring of very tiny broken hearts, that it was like a toy wail, almost amusing in its imitation of the real thing.

But McGennis did not smile at it. For an instant he stood, and then he turned and closed the door with fumbling fingers, and took the few steps to his horse stumblingly, and climbed heavily into his saddle, and with loose reins rode off to his house and went up to his sala and sat down there, looking blindly out on Sicaba.

The sunset came, brightened, and faded, and passed away, and night shut down over Sicaba, and still he sat there. His muchacho came to light a lamp, and McGennis sent him away. Later his cook came, speaking authoritatively of dinner, and McGennis sent his cook away, too, and sat on in the dark.

At last it was the hour when even Sicaba, for a little while, must seem beautiful to the most hostile critic. It is the hour when the full power of night descends upon the world, when the wind dies away to the merest murmur, and the drone of the surf becomes deep and solemn, and the great yellow stars burn very steadily against the soft velvet of the sky.

When that hour came McGennis stirred, and stood up suddenly, and laid his hands on the broad sill of his window and looked down at Sicaba and up to the stars. "Of course I'm going to stay," he muttered impatiently, as if Some One had asked him a question. "But it's up to You. You butted into this game, and now You've got to play the cards. Pedro," he called, in quite another voice, "bring a light."

When the light was brought he sat down at his table and drew pen and paper to him and began to write.

"Donald G. Stewart, C. E.," he wrote, tracing the magic initials with reverent care. McGennis would never write C. E. after his own name unless some day he did the big, big thing which would lead a college to give him the right, *honoris causa*. He had not the education, he knew that.

"DONALD G. STEWART, C. E.,
Supervisor in Charge.
Provinces Pagros Oriental y Occidental.
"Sir:—I have the honor to request that I do not be transferred to Luzon, because there are some jobs here which are not done yet."

His eyes lighted with whimsical amusement as he thought of those "jobs," teaching a presidente how to be straight, teaching brown, monkeyish soldiers not to run away, teaching the children—

"The fact is, Mr. Stewart," he wrote with less formality, "that I cannot leave the school which the Dep. Super. Schools kindly gave me to occupy my time. I am the best teacher he has got now, I think. You can ask him."

Then formality returned.

"I have the honor to thank you for the kind words you say about me making good. Of course I know they are not so.

"Very respectfully,
"JOHN MCGENNIS."

"There," said McGennis, looking down thankfully at his completed letter, for he hated letter-writing, did McGennis, "I reckon that cinches it. When the Old Man reads that he'll save I'm loco enough to let alone. Anyway," he added, "Haskins'll never get the chance to blow about draining Manapla swamp. Haskins has got the education, all right, but he couldn't make a bald monkey catch his own fleas."

As he entered his bedroom, holding his chimneyless lamp high that the reek of it might not draw into his nostrils, his eye lighted on the jagged post in the corner. "Well," said McGennis, looking at it, "she's all notched up for a couple of weeks anyhow. I'm that much ahead." The boyish smile curled his firm young lips as the fool part of him began to amuse the other part once more. And then, contentedly, he turned to his canvas cot, with the heavy blue-gray blankets spread upon it.

It is hard and narrow and monkish, that couch which the world provides for so many of her fighting men and pioneers, but to McGennis it seemed a Place of Rest.

So may they find it, all my far-wandering friends, when to-night they stretch themselves on the rasping canvas and draw the honest blue-gray blankets over them.

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